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250th Celebration NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

1709

1959

1709 - 1959

JULY 5 thru JULY 12, 1959



The First Newburghers
spend their first Christmas in America. On December 25, 1708, Pastor Joshua Kockerthal leads his flock of German Palatines, just arrived in New York City, to service at the Dutch Lutheran Church, at the present corner of Broadway and Rector Street, where he is welcomed by the Rev. Justus Falconer.

350th Hudson - Champlain Celebration

1609

1959

PRICE: FIFTY CENTS

1827737



WILLIAM D. RYAN
MAYOR

CITY OF NEWBURGH

MAYOR'S OFFICE

NEWBURGH, N.Y.

July 5, 1959

Dear Friends!

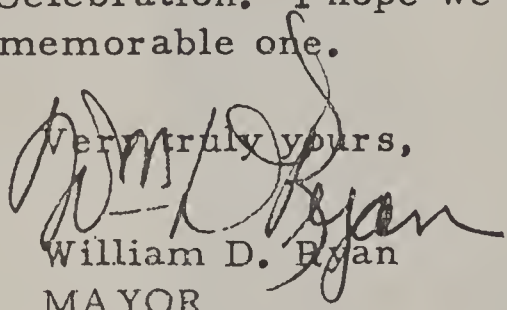
This is indeed a memorable milestone in the history of the City of Newburgh, and I am highly honored to be Mayor while we celebrate our 250th Anniversary. I extend to our many friends and neighbors the Official Greetings of the City and add my own personal best wishes for a most joyous Celebration.

Newburgh proudly salutes our first settlers, the courageous God-fearing Palatines from the Palatinate of the Rhine Valley in Germany, who, in 1709, despite many hardships, decided to establish homes in our lovely Hudson Valley. Their rugged perseverance and ambition should serve as an inspiration and challenge for us in 1959.

To all who have served on the many Celebration Committees, the City of Newburgh is indeed grateful for your untiring efforts and extend to each of you a special "Thanks for a job well done".

As Mayor of the City of Newburgh, it is indeed a pleasure for me to welcome you to our 250th Birthday Celebration. I hope we have done our part to make this occasion a memorable one.

Very truly yours,


William D. Ryan
MAYOR

WDR/rh

Newburgh's City Councilmen



WILLIAM E. DOULIN



JOSEPH M. GAYNOR



MAYOR WILLIAM D. RYAN



WILLIAM J. MCINTYRE



GEORGE F. MCKNEALLY

A black and white photograph of a large, modern building with a grid-like facade, likely a school or institutional building. The building has multiple stories and a prominent corner. A large tree is visible on the right side of the building. The foreground shows a grassy area and a low wall.

Chartered 1834

MEMBER OF FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORP.

[illegible]



Door of Crawford House

CRAWFORD HOUSE

Headquarters of
THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF NEWBURGH
BAY AND THE HIGHLANDS

OPEN HOUSE

July 6-12 — 2:00-5:00 P.M.

The Public Is Invited — Tea Will Be Served

There will be a temporary exhibit of historic materials, paintings, china and furniture, as well as those things which are in this beautiful and historic house permanently. A small but charming garden is another feature.

COMMITTEE

MISS HELEN VER NOOY GEAR, Chairman

MRS. WILLIAM CLEMENT SCOTT
MISS ANNE WELLS
MRS. J. TOWNSEND CASSEDY
MR. and MRS. C. D. ROBINSON
MR. CHARLES H. FLETCHER

MRS. RALPH W. STEVENS
MRS. FREDERICK R. SMALL
MR. OLIVER SHIPP
MRS. CLARK SMITH
MR. CLARENCE STETSER

On March 9, 1830, David Crawford was leased Lot 39 on the Glebe map for a period of 900 years. On it he built his handsome home. This was 120 years from the settling of Newburgh by the Palatines, midway of the city's history. Newburgh was then a village of 6,000.

The Ionic columns, the Palladian windows, front and back, and the second floor balcony under the overhanging top floor at the front are reminiscent of all gracious Georgian period homes.

The house has an interior exquisitely executed. Over-windows, doors and cornices are deeply carved. The Dolphin of the newell post is possibly the work of a Massachusetts ship figurehead carver. The doors between the two parlors repeat the carving and column motif of the Greek Revival so loved by the architects of the Georgian Period.

MISS MARY ROGERS, President

MR. OLIVER SHIPP, 1st Vice Pres.
MR. CLARENCE STETSER, 2nd Vice Pres.
MRS. M. SEYMOUR PURDY, Rec. Sec'y

MISS LUCY ALDRIDGE, 3rd Vice Pres.
MR. GERALD C. STOWE, 4th Vice Pres.
MISS IRENE WEGLE, Corres. Sec'y

MR. CLARENCE TRAPHAGEN, Treasurer

CRAWFORD HOUSE

189 MONTGOMERY STREET, NEWBURGH, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS OF

COUNTY NATIONAL
BANK



COMPLIMENTS OF

NEWBURGH DENTAL SOCIETY

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DR. PETER F. BANNAN

DR. DAVID BROWN

DR. WILLIAM F. BUSHART

DR. WILLIAM J. CALLAHAN

DR. FRANCIS L. CATANIA

DR. BERNARD CLYMAN

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DR. MARIO V. FAVORITI

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DR. JOHN J. ZAMBITO

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THE COLUMBUS TRUST CO.

Your Friendly Bank for 66 Years

The bank small enough to know you

... Big enough to serve you!

What We Mean to a City 250 YEARS OLD!

The Columbus Trust Company was founded 66 years ago.

SERVICES AVAILABLE

- Travelers' Checks
- Personal Loans
- Mortgage Loans
- Checking Accounts
- Automobile Loans
- Home Modernization Loans
- Safe Deposit Boxes
- Savings Accounts
- Christmas Club
- Vacation Club
- Trust Service

It was the first institution of its kind in the Hudson Valley north of New York, and was Newburgh's first "uptown" banking house. From the beginning, it has played a vital part in Newburgh's commercial and industrial development, and in services to business and personal interests in general.

The bank at once became a center of community life . . . and it still is to a city 250 years old.

The Columbus Trust Company is proud of the long service of many of its officers and employees, who are referred to as a "family", united in a common purpose faithfully to serve the public and maintain the high ideals which ever has guided operation of the institution.

DIRECTORS

Donald Bard	Theodore R. Proper
Peter Cantline	Edwin C. Seaman
Thomas M. Chadwick	Samuel M. Shapiro
James C. Donovan	Richard W. Tompkins
William E. Henderson	Howard H. Tyler
Raymond F. Hutton	Barclay Van Cleft

How we got our name . . .

The bank was chartered in 1892, which was the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. The founders of The Columbus Trust Company considered it only fitting and proper to name their institution after a man whose principles were similar to those on which the bank was founded. Thus, commemorating this great day, — the bank was so named The Columbus Trust Company.

OFFICERS

RAYMOND F. HUTTON	President
PETER CANTLINE	First Vice President
JAMES C. DONOVAN	Second Vice President
WILLIAM E. HENDERSON	Vice President and Secretary
BARCLAY VAN CLEFT	Treasurer
WILLIAM H. HUNT	Vice President and Trust Officer
WILLIAM K. MICHAEL	Vice President
FLOYD A. PETERS	Vice President and Assistant Trust Officer
STANLEY W. PICKENS	Vice President
BERTHA J. LINDSAY	Assistant Secretary

"Bank locally with people you know and who understand local financial problems."

THE COLUMBUS TRUST CO.

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BANKING
WINDOWS

Drive in from
Broadway and exit
on Grand St.

"THE FRIENDLY BANK"

Each Deposit Account Is Insured
up to \$10,000 by the
Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

Member of the Federal Reserve System
Broadway at Grand Street

FREE PARKING

in our spacious
parking lot with an
entrance on Broad-
way and an exit
on Grand St.

KEYED FOR PROGRESS . . .

1852 . . .

Newburgh Savings Bank
was established in 1852
and is the 31st oldest
savings bank in New York
State



1959 . . .

Over One Hundred Seven
Years of Safety and
Uninterrupted Dividends

WITH NEWBURGH NOW . . . 250 YEARS YOUNG!

We too, have grown . . . In 107 Years!

NEWBURGH SAVINGS BANK was founded on April 13, 1852 by twenty-two of Newburgh's leading citizens. The Bank's first home was just a desk of its Treasurer, Charles H. Halstead, Jr., in the Quassaick Bank on Water Street. Later the Bank's affairs were conducted in the Treasurer's store, also on Water Street. As the Bank grew, it moved to No. 3 Water Street on January 1st, 1858, which site it occupied until November 1868, when the Bank moved to its own Bank Building at

the northeast corner of Smith and Second Streets, remaining there until December 1, 1924 when it moved to its present location at the northeast corner of Broadway and Liberty Street.

As of May 31, 1959 the Bank had 35,956 accounts and total assets of \$58,033,120.25. Total deposits amounted to \$51,167,280.51. With its present surplus of \$6,480,576.92, it is regarded as one of the safest and strongest banks in the State.

The Newburgh Savings Bank is proud to be part of Newburgh and is looking forward to continued growth in a city 250 years old. Newburgh's outstanding success through progress has indeed been symbolic of the American way. Our hope is for continued success.

NEWBURGH SAVINGS BANK

"Savings Center of Newburgh"

Broadway and Liberty Street

Newburgh, New York

Member of Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

COMPLIMENTS OF THE FOLLOWING COUNCILMEN

WILLIAM E. DOULIN

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Real Estate – Insurance – Appraisals

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Knox's Headquarters to the South of Newburgh. . .

(Courtesy The Historical Society of Newburgh Bay and Highlands)

Knox's Headquarters

Built by Thomas Ellison for his son John, this house near Vails Gate was occupied by various generals during the course of the Revolutionary War, but has won the permanent title of Knox's Headquarters because General Knox was in residence there more often than any other officer. During the war, John Ellison and his wife Catharine (Johnson), often visited by a nephew and a niece, and their sixteen slaves continued to make this their home.

The field stone structure was built in 1754, and the contract for the work may still be seen at the Headquarters. William Bull, famous Orange County mason, was the builder, and for the work he received 60 pounds, the equivalent of \$150. This was the last house built by William Bull who died in February 1755. It has high ceilings and many windows, all with small panes of glass, hand-blown. It fronts what was then the King's Highway, and the waters of Silver Stream, on which stood the Ellison mill, are to the west.

The house was occupied by General Knox at different times during 1779, 1780, 1781, and 1782. Major General Nathaniel Greene and Major General Horatio Gates were also here, the latter when he was in command, under General Washington, of the army at Temple Hill.

Tradition has always associated the Ellison house with social functions, maintaining that General and Mrs. Knox entertained at balls and parties and made this home a

center of gaiety for the officers. However, the following document in the Museum at Washington's Headquarters would seem to preclude much large-scale entertainment: *"This may certify that General Greene, Colonels Biddle, Wadsworth and myself occupied three rooms, as military quarters, five weeks in the months of June and July, 1779, and that I, the subscriber, occupied three rooms as military quarters ten weeks in the fall of the same year. Also, from the 20th of November, 1780, to the 4th of July, 1781, I occupied two rooms as military quarters; and from May, 1782, to September, I occupied one room for the same purpose, making fourteen weeks. H. Knox, M. General, West Point, 9th Spt. 1783."*

In 1790, John Ellison helped establish Methodism in this area. The house directly west of Knox's Headquarters, then part of the Ellison property and now the residence of Mr. Donald C. Gordon, housed the first Methodist class. Later three Ellison nieces who married three Mortons inherited their uncle's property, and the village was known for a time as Mortonville.

Knox's Headquarters became a New York State Historic site on March 22, 1922. Restoration of the house to its original condition was begun in July 1948. By October 1954, the extensive historical research and reconstruction was completed, and the house is now a fine example of a gracious home of the Hudson Valley in the mid-18th century.

The following articles are reprinted from Year Books of The Historical Society of Newburgh Bay and The Highlands due to the appropriate content of material.

THE BROCHURE COMMITTEE

Mrs. Winthrop Sayer, Miss Sarah Corwin, Miss Mary V. Rogers

Tom Quick - - Indian Slayer

*Read before the Historical Society of Newburgh Bay
and the Highlands, March 7th, 1904.*

By THEO. D. SCHOONMAKER, Esq.,
of GOSHEN, N. Y.

TOM QUICK, The Indian Slayer, or The Avenger
of the Delaware.

The subject of this sketch was born at Milford, Pike County, Pa., in the year 1734. His father, Thomas Quick, Sr., emigrated from Ulster County about the year 1733, and was one of the descendants of well-to-do and respectable ancestors, who came from Holland to America before 1689. He located on some valuable lands around Milford, built a log cabin and settled down with none but the Indians for his neighbors. Hunting and fishing at the start were his principal pursuits, together with clearing his lands. In time he built a saw mill and a grist mill on the banks of the Van de Mark, a tributary of the Delaware, which empties into it near Milford. After a while other settlers were attracted to this place and among them a comely white maiden, who consented to share her fortunes with the elder Quick, and they were married with all the due formalities of the times. No Paris gown adorned the bride, no Brokaw swallow-tail rested upon the shoulders of the groom, and no Philadelphia caterer served the banquet, but who shall dare say that amid a repast of venison steak and parched corn, that love and happiness did not reign supreme?

In the course of human and Divine events, several children were born to them. Tom, Jr., the first born, grew up to manhood—was large, bony, muscular, with a keen eye and of indomitable courage. He has been described as tall, broad-shouldered, the very ideal of strength; had high cheek bones, deep gray eyes, shading off into hazel; his nose was large and slightly bent, like the eagle's beak; his face was covered with scraggy beard and whiskers, and his brown hair sticking out in long mats from under his coon-skin cap, made him rather a rough-looking representative of the early settlers of the Delaware. His playmates were the Indians of the Delaware Valley. He became familiar with their language, engaged in many of their sports, hunted and fished with them and soon became expert in the use of the rifle, so much so that when hunting for game, if he could not blow off the head of a wild turkey in its flight with a ball from his trusty rifle, he said he did not want such a bird.

Although the wealth and social position of the Quicks were such that young Tom would have been welcome

anywhere, his tastes led him in another direction. The forest-life and the companionship of the Indians were much more to his liking, and in his younger days, while his brothers and sisters were attending such schools as were there in those primitive times, or later in life, passing a social evening at home or at a neighbor's, Tom was off hunting or trapping with the Indians. In those exploits he became familiar with the Delaware River, its branches and head-waters, which he had traced to their fountain head. And the knowledge thus acquired proved of vast benefit to him in after years.

At the time of which we now speak, various tribes or families of Indians were living along the banks of the Delaware and its tributaries. They came frequently to the house of the elder Quick, in whom they reposed the utmost confidence, and they were always treated with liberality at his table. They greatly fancied young Tom, little dreaming what they would receive at his hands in time to come. They made him presents of feathers and plumes and taught him many of their ways. Thus, as I have said, he became an adept in many of their sports.

But this friendliness did not long continue. While the Indians were thus enjoying the open hearted hospitality of the Quicks, and some of them even living in the family, there were other influences at work which led the Indians to break off from the kindness thus shown to them. They were alarmed at the increasing demands and encroachments of the whites; they claimed this country as their hunting ground; many of their friends and chiefs had died and were buried there, their spirits gone to the Great Hunting Ground, their bodies reposing beneath the sod of their homes; they were afraid that the pale face man would soon occupy their beloved homes unless some steps were taken to prevent, and thus, after a time, they were plotting for the destruction of the entire white population of the Delaware Valley. This change of feeling on the part of the Indians was soon noticed by the Quicks, who, while they remained friendly, did not mingle with the Indians as theretofore, and young Tom left their society and became more domesticated in his father's family. While thus situated an event occurred which changed his whole being and nature into undying hatred of his late dusky friends.

The destruction of the whites at Milford had been planned, and the Indians were secretly watching an opportunity to put their plan into execution. Unsuspecting of this treachery, the Quicks went about their work and lands unarmed. One day, the elder Quick, his son Tom, and, as one author says, his brother, and another author, his brother-in-law, Solomon Decker, went up the river, which was then frozen, being in the winter time, to cut hoop-poles for their use. They were un-

Newburgh Automobile Dealers Association

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The Safest and Most Dependable Place for
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Authorized New Car Dealer

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172 Liberty Street

CHRYSLER-PLYMOUTH—Newburgh Park
Motors, 367 Broadway

OLDSMOBILE-CADILLAC — B. J. York
Motor Co., Inc., 354 Broadway

DODGE-PLYMOUTH—Vanderzee Motors,
Inc., 137 Mill Street

PONTIAC — Lanthier Pontiac, Inc., 19
Dickson Street

FORD—Galloway Garage, 600 Broadway

STUDEBAKER—Ketterson Motor Co., Inc.,
89 Chambers Street

aimed and were soon engaged in that occupation. As they were at that work, they proceeded around a ridge near the bank, and were there discovered by a party of Indians in ambush, a little below where the stream Van de Mark empties into the Delaware. When the Quicks came near enough in their work, the Indians fired a volley and a ball from a rifle, fired by an Indian by the name of Muswink, or Modeline, mortally wounded Tom's father. The only hope of the party was to fly, and they started and attempted to carry their father with them. He told them that, as he was dying, to leave him and try and escape to save the family. They then left him and made for an escape, which was across the Delaware, on the ice, in full view of the Indians, who were well used to sharp shooting. They were good runners, but before they had reached the middle of the river the Indians appeared on the bank, yelling like demons. Tom and his brother (or brother-in-law) after leaving the father, had sought the cover of an over-hanging rock and were some distance away before the Indians could get a shot, and by running in an oblique direction and then in a zig-zag direction, keeping far apart, the shots of the Indians did not have any effect, except a ball hit Tom on his heel and knocked his foot from under him and he fell. Then the Indians set up a terrific yell. But Tom was soon on his feet and running. Both parties escaped; and finding that they were not pursued, turned cautiously back to see what became of their father. They heard the scalping war-whoop and saw the rejoicing of the Indians over his prostrate form. It was at this moment that Tom, rendered almost frantic at what he saw, resolved that he would avenge the death of his father. After the Indians had departed, they gathered up the remains of their father and gave them a Christian burial, and when all that was mortal of the elder Quick was consigned to the earth, Tom, taking his knife in his right hand and his rifle in his left, looking up to Heaven, exclaimed:

"By the point of the knife in my right hand and the deadly bullet in my left;

By Heaven and all that there is in it and by earth and all that there is on it;

By the love I bore my father; here on this grave I swear eternal vengeance against the whole Indian race.

I swear to kill all and spare none; the old man with his silver hair; the lisping babe without teeth; the mother quick with child and the maiden in the bloom of youth shall die."

A voice from my father's grave cries, "Revenge! Eternal Revenge!"

—Allerton's "*Hawk's Nest*."

How well he kept that vow will be, to some extent, set forth in what follows. He took to himself the title, "The Avenger of the Delaware." He had, up to this time, been a friend to both the white and the Indian; now he carried a dual spirit—loving the settlers—was their best friend, and they knew it; and hating and loathing the Indians, breathing out murder and bloodshed towards them, and they knew it.

Allerton, in his work heretofore referred to, says: "Standing on Hawk's Nest (a lofty peak some ways above Port Jervis) and looking southwest, you see Pilot Knob towering hundreds of feet above the surrounding hills; at the northwest rise the carbon mountains that furnish us with the coal, and above all towers Mt. Ararat,

where it rains or snows every day during the year; and that direction also brings into view the rocky fortress where Tom Quick, the Indian slayer, dug his cave and lay in ambush to wreak his vengeance on his deadly foe.

Tom seldom talked and only to hunters or to those upon whom he could rely to keep his secrets; but he talked a great deal to himself and his gun, which he named "Long Tom." It was of the largest size, 7 feet, 4 inches long and carried a ball an inch in diameter. It was an old saying that when one of Tom's bullets went through an Indian it made two windows in him and a hall between. He carried that gun until the stock was almost worn through; in all his adventures with the Indians, he managed to retain possession of it as long as he lived. It has been cut down to five feet and is now in the possession of James M. Allerton, at Matamoras, Pa.

Tom was seldom seen in the settlements and then only long enough to procure powder and ball, which was his chief stock in trade. From the Indians that he killed from time to time, he became possessed of their arms and ammunitions, which he secreted in old hollow trees at different places in the forests.

Allerton states that Tom talked to his gun and himself and gives the following as a fair sample of his soliloquies. He had been out hunting and returned to his cabin one evening, hung up a saddle of venison, in a corner, and looking toward the east where he saw the full moon, thus spake: "This is rather a nice evening; let me see; it is full moon; a good coon night. What do you say, Long Tom," raising his gun, "how would you like to drop one of those red coons before morning? I would, and that would make just 87 red devils that I have sent to the Spirit Land since Muswink murdered my father. Tell me, oh ye stars," looking up, "for what was my father murdered? For being a friend to the Indians—for furnishing them with shelter and food—for being a good man, a kind neighbor, a God-fearing and God-loving man. My father, you sleep on the banks of the Delaware; only your body lies there, your spirit is here, there, everywhere; it is now hovering around me; it is continually whispering in my ear, Revenge! Revenge! It is God's will that your death should be avenged; it is God's will that your son Tom should be the avenger. For this I have left home and the comforts of civilized life and burrowed in the ground like a rabbit."

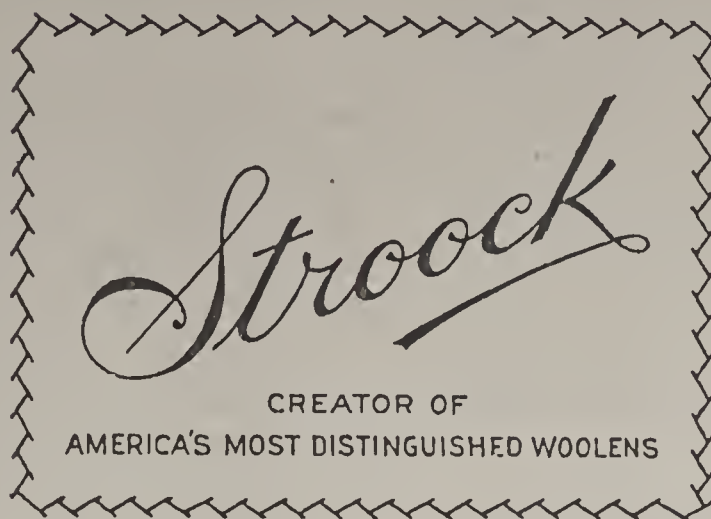
The same author continues: "The spot where his father fell beneath the ball and the scalping knife of the Indians was a Carthaginian Altar to him. Hamlicar Barca brought his son, Hannibal, to the Altar of the gods that he "might swear eternal enmity to Rome."

Tom's consecration to the destruction of the race, whose warriors had wrought the death of his father, lacked indeed the forms of religious rites, but possessed the substance; and no more steadily on a wider field did the son of Hamlicar follow out the pledges of his youth than did Tom. Quick pressed on to the fulfillment of his vow of vengeance, thinking as he did that the blood of the whole Indian race was not sufficient to atone for the blood of his father. His oath was not violated. He lived to see the day when he could traverse the Delaware River from one end to the other without encountering a red man.

The incidents following in the life of Tom Quick may not be related in the chronological order in which they occurred, nor are they all of the tragic events of his life, but enough for you to judge of the mettle of the man

COMPLIMENTS OF

STROOCK'S



1866

—

NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

—

1959

and to give an opinion as to how well he kept his vow. I am not here to justify his conduct or to condemn it. I am here to narrate facts as far as I have been able to ascertain them. In general, if he heard the report of a gun or rifle, when he was out hunting, he managed to creep cautiously in the rear of where the sound proceeded from, and was generally rewarded by seeing an Indian busily engaged in skinning a deer or bear; a ball from his rifle sent the Indian to his long hunting ground.

It happened on one occasion that Tom was wandering off in the woods without his rifle—something unusual for him—when he unexpectedly met an armed Indian. Tom addressed him in a friendly way and they were soon conversing freely. After a while, he said, "Brother Indian, would you like to see Tom Quick?" "Yes, indeed I would," said the Indian; "I have heard of him." "Well," said Tom, "I will show him to you pretty soon." So they walked on till they came to a very high ledge of rocks; and when they were on the brink, Tom told the Indian to wait a few minutes and he would show him to him. Tom went to the edge of the ledge and peered over the roadway below and watched for some time and then told the Indian to take his place. The Indian readily did so, cocked his rifle, and asked, "Where is he?" "There! There!" said Tom, motioning with his hand so that the Indian would reach his head and shoulders over the precipice to see him in order to shoot him. He looked and peered and did not see any one. "Where is he?" again queried the red man. "A little further; lean a little further," said Tom, and the Indian leaned over as far as he could without losing his balance, and looked in the direction that Tom had pointed. Then Tom quickly got behind him and grasping him by the shoulders, said, "Shoot me! Shoot me!" and instantly hurled the Indian over the ledge, where he was dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

Another time Tom was surprised in his sleep by two Indians. They bound him and plundered his cabin and set out for their own home along the Delaware. One walked ahead with Tom's belongings, Tom next with his hands tied behind him, and then the second Indian, with both rifles, one of which was cocked in readiness for any emergency. When they reached a high ledge, they were obliged to take a dangerous path near the edge of the rocks. When they got to the place where the path was very narrow, Tom feigned dizziness and would not go any further, although beaten severely by the two Indians. He leaned against the bank on the upper side and shuddered when he looked down on the rocks and river below. The Indian behind him endeavored to push him along, when, by a quick movement, Tom got behind him and the next moment he was making an air line descent towards the river, and lodged in the forks of a tree. Both rifles fell into the river. The fallen Indian called loudly to his companion to come down and help him out. Tom took to his heels and ran, though with his hands bound behind him, like a deer, to his cabin.

As was said, Tom was in the habit of secreting rifles and ammunition taken from his fallen foes, in hollow trees and other such places, and they served him to good advantage as the following incident will disclose. He was once captured by two Indians who were taking him off by the Grassy Brook route. Grassy Brook is near Barryville, Sullivan Co., New York, across the Delaware River from Shohola. His arms were tied with deer skin thongs, and as they were travelling in the rain, Tom was rejoiced to know that the thongs had stretched, and afterwards became so loose that he could, whenever he

wished, free his hands. This fact he secretly kept from the Indians. After travelling along for a while they came near a large chestnut tree, in the hollow of which Tom had, some time before, placed some rifles, powder and ball. He now expressed a desire to go behind that tree and gave such a good reason that the savages consented, but they stood in the path with their guns cocked so as to be ready against any effort on Tom's part to escape. Once behind the tree, his actions were not seen by the Indians and with great rapidity he loaded two of the guns, and shot one of the savages dead, and the other, in attempting to get behind a tree, never reached it.

Once Tom was the guest of John Showers, who lived in the town of Lumberland, in the County of Sullivan, with three or four other white men, who were hunters. One evening an Indian entered and asked to stay all night. They said he could stay. That pleased Tom, for here was another opportunity to send another red man to his hunting ground. The evening passed pleasantly, and after a long chat around the open fireplace, they wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down on the floor and were soon all fast asleep except Tom, who remained awake for the purpose he had in his mind. When the loud breathing told that they were all fast asleep, Tom got up, secured his rifle, and the hunters were aroused by its report and found the savage dead in their midst. Tom had fled. This murder was concealed for many years.

Upon another occasion, Tom was at work in a field, when he was accosted by an unarmed Indian, who told him he had discovered "Something over there," pointing to the woods; that he very much wished Tom would go with him and see. Tom quit his work and walked along with the Indian. He noticed, however, what a pleased expression the Indian had, and this put him on his guard. The Indian had hid his gun in the woods and wanted to coax Tom to go in the woods unarmed, when he could kill him. As they were walking along Tom stooped to pick up a hemlock knot, thinking it might be of service to him in a rough-and-tumble encounter, which the Indian seeing, suddenly sprang upon him and they then and there engaged in a fight for life. Tom at last came off victorious, leaving the Indian dead on the field; but he was so exhausted that he could hardly get back to the house where he was stopping. He often spoke of this incident as the hardest struggle of his life.

* * * * *

One more incident—the shooting of Muswink—and I am done with them. Not long after the happening of the event last narrated, a number of people were assembled at a county tavern kept by a man by the name of Decker, not far from Carpenter's Point, discussing neighborhood events. Among them were the Cuddebacks, the Gumaers and the Swartwouts. Peace had been proclaimed. Muswink suddenly appeared and said, "Here you be all. Come and drink with the Indian that killed and scalped old Tom Quick. Come along all of you. The war is over and the hatchet is buried."

He was told not to be too sure that the hatchet was buried; that his son Tom still lived and with him the hatchet was never buried. Some further conversation took place, indicating that Tom might take his scalp if he met him. Muswink replied that he was ready for him, and that he could handle him as easy as he did his father. Just then Tom entered and Muswink said: "Ugh, he looks just like his father." A war of words ensued. Tom was out of humor and the savage somewhat under the influence of liquor and began to boast of his

COMPLIMENTS OF

Newburgh Lions Club



July, 1959

ARONCHICK, MAX M.
BECK, CHARLES W.
BECKER, DANIEL
BURNETT, WILLIAM F.
BUTTS, LEO J.
CHARLAP, MYRON
COHEN, HARRY
CONWAY, JAMES A.
COPANS, LEON H.
DALE, BERNIE
DOLGE, WALTER H.
DONAHUE, MICHAEL J.
ENGLISH, HENRY E.
ESTERBROOK, JOHN T.
EWANISH, STEPHEN
FINNEGAN, FRANK P.
FITZGERALD, D. EDWARD
FLYNN, CHARLES A.
FOGARTY, JOHN J.
GARDNER, R. FRANK
GOLDIN, LEON
GORDON, EVERETT D.
GREENBERG, JOSEPH
GREENE, WALLACE B.
HEITMULLER, HERBERT E.
HENDERSON, WILLIAM E.
HERBERT, J. STEWART
ISCH, IRVING A.
JAMIESON, ROBERT
KARTIGANER, HERBERT L.
KAVANAGH, THOMAS F.
KENNEY, JOHN M.
KINGSLEY, ALBERT O.
LAW, F. H.

LEO, DANIEL J.
LeROY, GEORGE M.
LEVY, ALLEN D.
MARINO JOHN R.
MAZZEO, JOHN T.
McEVILLY, WILLIAM G.
McNEAR, HARRY J.
MESSENGER, HERBERT G.
MONIHAN, JOSEPH P.
MOREA, WILLIAM H.
MURPHY, PAUL F.
NAJORK, RALPH R.
NELBACH, ARTHUR G.
PEARL, EMANUEL
PEARSON, JAMES M.
PELIN, FRED
POWELL, JOHN W.
RAKE, JOE
RIDER, MEYER J.
ROSNER, CHARLES
SAYRE, LEO V.
SCHNEIDER, HARVEY
SCHWARTZ, JOSEPH
SHANNON, JOSEPH F.
SMITH, HARRY F.
SMITH, WILLIAM A.
TOBACK, MARTIN J.
TURNER, CHARLES
VANDERZEE, HAROLD B.
VAUGHN, WILLIAM C.
VOLPE, WILLIAM A.
WEINER, IRVING
WERBER, JACK
YATES, MORRIS

exploits in the late war and of his participation in the killing of Tom's father. He said that he tore the scalp from his head with his own hand. Tom was out of humor and seized a chair, but was prevented from striking him by those present. Muswink then gave a particular account of the whole affair and went through with all the motions and grimaces that Tom's father did in his dying moments, and interspersed the narrative with unfeeling and irreverent remarks. Tom was going to make for him, but was told that no blood could be shed there. Muswink told him to come on—that he could pull off his shirt as easily as he did his father's sleeve buttons, showing the same. This was too much for the son; he could control himself no longer, and seizing a rifle which was hanging on hooks on the beams above, cocked it and presented it to the breast of the savage and told him to march. "March where?" said the Indian, now realizing for the first time his danger. The word "March," was repeated, and Muswink sullenly left the house followed by Tom with his gun ready to shoot in case he tried to escape.

After driving him several miles on the road towards Huguenot and reaching a thick cluster of pines, Muswink turned and asked Tom if he meant to shoot him. "Yes, you Indian dog! You shot my father and you kill no more white men." Muswink said that the war was over and peace was declared. The son told him that the war was not over with him; that he had vowed to drive the last red skin from the Delaware Valley and that he was the last. Tom's gun spoke and Muswink was no more. Tom then took possession of the sleeve buttons that had belonged to his father, dragged the body under the upturned roots of a tree, kicked some loose dirt over it, returned to the tavern, placed the gun on the hooks and left the neighborhood. Several years afterwards, the bones were exhumed by Philip Decker, on lands lately belonging to Abram J. Cuddeback, while plowing this land and he gave them a Christian burial.

Smith, in "Legends of the Shawangunk," says: "It does not appear that any attempt was made to arrest Tom for this murder of Muswink; if any such were instituted he eluded them. The frontiersmen generally applauded his action, believing the aggravating circumstances under which he acted were a full and sufficient justification."

Allerton in his "Hawk's Nest," says: "That after the death of Muswink, the authorities attempted to arrest Tom and bring him to trial, not that they thought him guilty of any serious crime, but that he might be the means of bringing on another Indian war. Most of the people justified the killing of Muswink. First, because he was the murderer of Tom's father, and second, the provocation given by Muswink at Decker's tavern. But at last he was arrested, tied and put into a sleigh and taken to Newton, where he was tried for murder; but with the assistance of some friends, he managed to escape and made for the Delaware, crossed it, made for the west bank, where he was concealed and fed by his friends for two months, and then made his appearance in public again, and died at the house of Jacobus Rosencrantz in 1796. As Hamlet says:

"How stand I then,
That have a father killed?"

Now, you may ask, what excuse was there for all these crimes? To answer that question we must take into consideration the times when these events occurred. It was during the breaking out of the French and Indian War, when it was an easy matter for the French to

arouse the Indians to fight against the settlers and drive them back from entering on their lands. This led to the breaking up of the friendship which at first existed between the whites and Indians around the Delaware from the Water Gap to Lackawaxen, until they determined to drive the white man from their hunting grounds. Tom's father was treacherously murdered; from that time Tom Quick was a changed man. It is said that his niece, Maggie, once asked his mother, "What makes Tom act so queer and stay away from home so much?" She replied, "The murder of his father has turned his head."

Gardner, in his "Life of Quick," says: "It was this sad event that fired the heart of the bereaved and frantic son. Tom was transformed. He was from that time forward known as "The Indian Slayer," or as he called himself, "The Avenger of the Delaware." But, though rough in his manner, having been accustomed from infancy as much to Indian as to civilized life, he had a heart which beat with the warmest affection toward all his kindred, especially towards his father."

As I stated he was born in 1734 and died in 1796, and therefore lived through the tragic times of the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars. He lived at a time when the life of an enemy was cheap; and, as Allerton in his book says, "The strongest proof that Tom's actions were approved by the people and that he was looked upon by the settlers as a protector of their homes and the guardian of their wives and children, is the fact that he was always welcome to their houses and a plate for him placed at their table. Not only this, but the fact that they universally screened him from the Government officers. In a word, they were proud to think that one of their number had the courage to face the whole Indian nation of the red skins. His life and character have been published to the world. Historians have eulogized his merits. Dramatists have exemplified his life and character on the stage, and the descendants of the early settlers have raised a monument over this dust in his native town at the spot where he was born to perpetuate his memory."

Old age at last overtook him and he retired to the house of Jacobus Rosencrantz sometime after his arrest for the shooting of Muswink, and died there. It is said that he died of the smallpox and was buried near there; that the Indians learning where he was buried dug up some of his remains, distributed them among the various tribes, and gloated over them, and that the smallpox broke out among them, and that like Samson of old, "He slew more in his death than in his life."

His bones were dug up and on the 28th day of August, 1889, his descendants unveiled a monument to his memory in the presence of a thousand persons. This monument stands in a street 60 feet wide, one of the leading pleasure drives of Milford, Pa. Near by is the stream, the Van de Mark, which comes for a distance among the hills at the north and west and empties into the Delaware at Milford Eddy. There are several inscriptions and emblems on the monument.

On the side looking east, there is an emblem of a wreath, and on the die it is stated that Tom Quick was the first white child born within the limits of the Borough of Milford; on the base next the die is "Tom Quick, the Indian Slayer" or "The Avenger of the Delaware."

On the side of the monument looking south, is a tomahawk, canoe paddle, scalping knife, wampum, and

NEWBURGH, NEW YORK

"FRIEND OF THE BOY"



AFFRON, Jerome S.
Affron Fuel Oil Co.
River Road, MD 24

ASHER, Lawrence
Newburgh Distributing Co.
360 Liberty Street

BOYEA, Raymond
Broadway Theater
131 Broadway

BRACHFELD, Sidney
Brachfeld Coat Co.
8-18 So. Londer Street

CANZONERI, Cyrus
Construction Engineer
Chestnut Lane, M.D. 25

CASE, Mox
I. D. Conklin & Sons
Union Avenue

CASHMAN, Allan
Siegfried Press
14 Fullerton Avenue

CASSOLINO, Zelio
Zelmar Music Center
113A Liberty Street

COHEN, Charles
Charles' Men's Shop
86 Broadway

COLONI, Dominick A.
Coloni Funeral Home
14 Overlook Place

CUTLER, Dr. Philip
Dentist
165 Liberty Street

DABRUSIN, Samuel
Park Filing Station
307 Broadway

DADDAZIO, Arthur H.
Guidance Director
98 Grand Street

DAVIS, Paul E.
Vanderzae Motors
137 Mill Street

DIDIO, George
Photographer
221 Ann Street

DILGRENZO, John
Dilorenzo Construction
36 Roe Street

DOWD, William
Newburgh Park Motors
367 Broadway

FITZPATRICK, John
Jarron's Men's Shop
103 Broadway

GALATI, Fulvio
Galoti Studio
100 Broadway

GAYNOR, Joseph, Jr.
Pellett and Gaynor
45 Grand Street

GERSON, Dr. Robert
Oral Surgeon
203 Grand Street

GOODWIN, Arthur
Selke-Goodwin Agency
375 Third Street

GRIFFIN, William
Griffin Jewelry
104 Broadway

GUSTAFSON, Kenneth
Seaman's Pharmacy
386 Broadway

HALTER, George
Halter's Liquor Store
484 Broadway

HAMMER, Stanley
Jeweler, Schoonmaker's
94 Water Street

HANDLER, George
Waddell & Reid
161 Liberty Street

HANMORE, Louise F.
Hoffman's Stationery
128 Liberty Street

HAYDEN, John
Moore Business Forms
Poughkeepsie

HERBST, Lawrence
Attorney
94 Grand Street

HOFFMAN, Aaron
Optometrist
165 Liberty Street

HINES, Glenn
Community Worker's Ass'n.
199 Water Street

HUNT, William
Columbus Trust Co.
76-78 Broadway

HYZER, Robert
Central Hudson
256 Broadway

KAPLAN, Irving
Retired
461 Carpenter Avenue

KLAHN, Rev. John
Christ Lutheran Church
186 Fullerton Avenue

KOLB, Edward
Windsor Building Supply
River Road

KONYSZ, Frank
Accountant
139 Liberty Street

KNOFF, Hymen
Attorney
70 Second Street

KURLYCHECK, Alexander
Newburgh Distributing Co.
360 Liberty Street

LASKER, Joseph
St. Luke's Hospital
70 Dubois Street

LEONARDO, Samuel
Orange County Importing
93 Broadway

LEVIN, Lawrence
Warehouse Furniture
48 Broadway

LEVINSON, Stanley
Hotel Newburgh
111 Broadway

MacWILLIAMS, Robert
A. C. Smith & Co.
487 Broadway

METZNER, Thomas F.
Newburgh Welfare Dept.
150 Liberty Street

MONELL, Robert
Baxter's Camera Shop
480 Broadway

OCHS, Harold
Y.M.C.A.
54 Grand Street

PARISER, William
Pariser's Furs
174 Broadway

PEARL, Albert
Pearl Appliance Co.
343 Broadway

PETRILLO, Joseph
Physical Therapist
114 Grand Street

RHOADES, Al
Newburgh News
85 Dickson Street

ROSENBLUM, Hymen
M. Raymond Rosenblum
43-47 Broadway

SCHISANO, Salvator
Diamond Candle Co.
New Windsor

SELESNICK, Dr. Stanley
Physician
182 Grand Street

SERMAN, Dr. Maxwell
Dentist
132 Dubois Street

SHAPIRO, Dr. David R.
Physician
279 Liberty Street

SNYDER, Philip
Economy Dry Cleaners
690 Broadway

SPEVAK, Aaron
Spevak Agency
5-11 Washington Terrace

STEG, Cy
M. & M. Photo Service
69 Courtney Avenue

THOMPSON, Campbell
W.G.N.Y.
161 Broadway

VOLLAR, Marcus
Manufacturers Representative
16 Nott Place

WEINER, Maurice
Weiner's Men's Shop
98 Broadway

WEISS, Albert
Federal Pants Store
161 Liberty Street

YANAKIS, John
P. & J. Cleaners
186 Broadway

DECEASED MEMBERS

Vernon Sheley

Joseph T. Collins

William Rasch

W. Clare Fitzpatrick

Judge Anthony J. Favino

an inscription which states that, maddened by the death of his father, he never abated his hostility to the Indians till his death, 40 years afterwards. On the base next the die, it states the time and place of his death; that he was buried on the farm of James Rosencrantz on the banks of the Delaware five miles from this spot, on what is now "The Rose Cemetery," two miles south of Matamoras; that his remains were taken up on the 110th anniversary of the Battle of Minisink, July 22nd, 1889, and placed beneath this monument.

On the north side on the shaft is a plow, and an inscription stating where his father came from and when he settled there; that he was the first white settler in this part of the upper Delaware, and that his log cabin, saw mill and grist mill were the first structures erected by white men in the settlement of this region.

On the base is a statement that after a peaceful residence of twenty years with the Indians, Thomas Quick, Sr., was shot and scalped by his supposed friends who were lying in ambush along the bluff on the south side of the mouth of the Van de Mark, and a half mile east of his home.

On the west side is "Old Glory" on a standard partly unfurled, and on the die is an inscription which states that this monument was erected by a descendant of Thomas Quick of the fourth generation; in youth, a resident of Milford; in age, one of the founders of the Chicago Tribune, who was from 1865 to 1869, Lieut. Governor of Illinois, and also an inscription which reads: "Done under the direction of Rev. A. S. Gardner, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Milford, 1889."

Suppose we think a little more about the life of this man. His actions seem bitter, almost brutal, but that only shows how deeply seated had become the hate that the early settlers had for the savages. The experiences through which Tom Quick passed will somewhat palliate or excuse the severity of his actions. His father had been killed and scalped by those whom he thought were his friends. He had been hunted by the Indians and often barely escaped. He had sent many of the Indians to their last hunting ground. Experience has made it manifest that where humanity is subject for a long time to the control of certain ideas, whether kind or cruel, "man's nature soon becomes merely an exponent of the principles in obedience to which it has acted." He lived through times that tried men's souls; times when the red man was ever scalping, tomahawking and otherwise killing all within his reach; when the warrior Brandt and his followers laid many a patriot in the dust; when the burning of homes and robbery and plundering were riding broadcast through the land—the savage showing no mercy to frail woman or tender child; when it was the act of prudence and safety on the part of the settlers to protect themselves by the musket or the rifle.

No wonder to me is it, then, that the subject of this sketch should have vowed and endeavored to do away with as many of his country's enemies as he could. To indulge a little in the less sad phase of his actions, it may be that he was a good old Presbyterian of the John Cal-

vin stripe, and firmly believed in foreordination, and acted like one of our colonial ancestors, who was also a good, blue John Calvin Presbyterian, and lived in the time of which we are speaking. He was remonstrated with for carrying his rifle with him whenever he went out to work in his fields. He was told that he believed in foreordination and that he wouldn't die till his time came, and there was no use of his taking his rifle with him. "Ah, yes," he said: "that is so, but there might happen to come along an Indian whose time had been foreordained to die then, and I do not wish to disappoint the Decrees of Providence."

Let us rejoice that we do not live in such trying times; that the spirit of civilization, following in the footsteps of our Christian religion, has made it possible, under "God in whom we trust," for us to dwell under "our own vine and fig tree, none daring to molest or make us afraid." Let us hope that the scalping knife, the tomahawk and the assassin's steel have forever gone from this fair land of ours, and that the grand old flag, the Stars and Stripes may continue "to wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave;" that the spirit of peace, brotherly love and "good will to men" may continue to permeate all lands; that war may cease; that strife and turmoil and everything that tends to mar the happiness of all nations may be done away, so that the end shall come—the end of all our strifes, animosities and ill-feelings; when the glory of God shall sparkle in the minutest atom and in the brightest star, in the dew drop and in the boundless ocean; and this earth, retuned and restrung, shall be one grand Aeolian harp, swept by the breath of the Holy Spirit, which shall pour forth those melodies which began on Calvary and shall sound throughout all generations.

Let me close by repeating a few verses sung by Miss Maggie Quick, heretofore referred to after their escape from capture by the Indians, and note, please, the seemingly prophetic spirit therein displayed—her faith in God and the fulfillment of the prophecy in our day.

"Silence and sorrow now brood o'er the valley

Where Spring in his beauty saw plenty and joy;
The death-dealing savage came down in his fury,
And all that was lovely, he rushed to destroy.

"When sated his nature with blood and with plunder,
He left for the wildwoods beside the Great Lakes;
There vengeance from Heaven shall surely o'ertake him,
For 'westward, the course of our Empire takes.'

"While we mourn for the dear ones whose homes are
now vacant,
No more shall we meet them on life's happy shore—
This valley again shall rejoice in the sunshine
Of God's blessed presence, through time ever more.

"Here the church with its worship, its anthems of praise,
And the school house beside it in honor shall
stand.

And millions of freemen shall bless the Creator,
Who fills with his bounty our own happy land."

A Few Straight Lines

THE STORY OF THE SO-CALLED
"GERMAN PATENT" NEWBURGH,
NEW YORK

By RAPHAEL A. WEED

*Fellow, New York Historical Society
President, Historical Society of New-
burgh Bay and the Highlands
Member Royal Societies Club
of London*

One of the principal purposes of a title is to arouse curiosity and that is the only virtue—if it be a virtue—that mine has. I hope that you are wondering what the few straight lines are, and will carry away a memory of them that will always make Newburgh seem a little different to you. I might have added to my title by saying "A Few Straight Lines and Some Crooked Ones", but if there were room for any longer name, it should really be: "A Few Straight Lines and What Became of Them."

My first straight line is straight only by courtesy—it is the line of the Hudson River, and I think we all, regardless of our geographies, think of the Hudson as a fairly straight line from New York to Albany. The part we are using here is sufficiently straight to be represented that way, and I am going to draw it so:

Our next line is another wet line. It comes right here: (see letter Q) Q

and it marks the mouth of Quassaick Creek. We will not continue its course at present, for a certain very good reason.

So far, Nature has drawn our lines. Next we come to lines that

were drawn by man. How did they get there?

It is unnecessary to tell you how Newburgh was first settled. You all know that war and persecution had driven many German families from the Rhine district into Holland, and later, in part, over to England, where they aroused the sympathy and interest of Queen Anne and became her special proteges. One small group of them had a spiritual leader who was also looking after their temporal interests, and doing it so tirelessly and effectively that he worked upon the sympathies of the Queen until she at last made a grant of land to him and his associates, in her "plantations" in America. The grant was along the Hudson River, running North from Quassaick Creek, so that is why we marked the Creek on our first line, as a starting point.

By the time the Rev. Joshua Kockertal and his flock were ready to sail, their number had grown to 15 families, including his own, and with their wives and children the entire party numbered 55 when they arrived here at the junction of the Hudson and the Quassaick in the Spring of 1709.

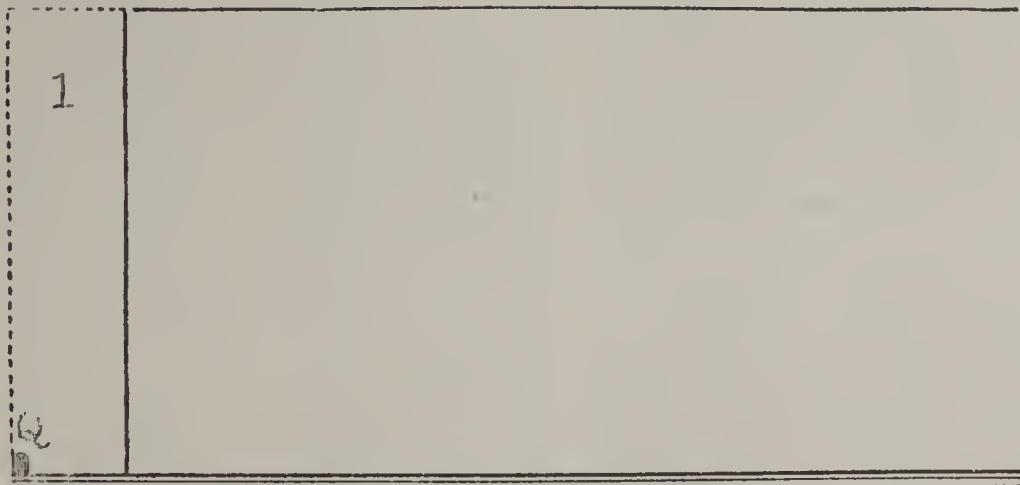
Now those of us who have been interested enough to study the matter are accustomed to think that the land was divided among these settlers from the beginning, but such was not the case. We do not know how they lived, except that Mr. Kockertal went back to England the next year and brought them some tools and a small money grant—for their poverty was great. Nor do we know exactly what amount of land they occupied, except that it stretched along the River from Quassaick Creek as far up as Danskammer, for that name is included in the title of their com-

pany. And we do not know how they divided this land, if at all, except that in the original grant it was provided that 500 acres be set aside for the support of Mr. Kockertal as pastor. As for the rest, it was probably much of a community life.

We dislike to think that they ever disagreed among themselves—these first Newburghers—but after they had been here four years they began to want SOME STRAIGHT LINES to separate them one from another, and to form the basis of a formal charter. So they began calling upon the British Government for some nice Straight Lines, and on April 30, 1713, Mr. Augustine Graham, Surveyor-General of the Province of New York, received orders to come up from New York City and make a survey of the district. He probably came during the following month, to get the work done before the foliage would interfere, although, as a matter of fact, he did very little surveying on the ground for he had hit upon a plan which saved him this labor. In his opinion, it was a problem to be solved by geometry, not by field work, so he went back to New York, sat down with pen and paper, and drew the Few Straight Lines which form the subject of our talk.

Mr. Graham was not only to fix the boundaries of the Patent, as a basis for a charter, but to parcel out the land among the 10 families who remained of the original company—for some had left during the four years. He had exact instructions from Governor Hunter as a working basis; he was to allow 50 acres for each man, woman and child and when he had a family all accounted for, he was to draw a straight line, to separate it from the next family. It is my contention, though it has never before been brought out, that the extent of the Patent limits was to be determined by the sum of these allotments; and how nearly it covered the territory they had been occupying previously, we can only guess. No writer has heretofore touched on that point, but I assume that it was somewhat less in extent, as it left one of the original company, Melchior Gulch, stranded away up by the Danskammer, with a long distance between his grant and the North line of the Patent.

Before he started counting noses on the little German kiddies—for



Graham Draws His First Partition Line.

about half of the settlers were children—Graham decided that 100 was a good, round number, so he fixed his western boundary 100 chains back from the River, and drew his first Straight Line. He now had to parcel off this strip between his first line and the river, among the ten families. And see how easy he made his task! 100 square chains are exactly ten acres, so by making his tract 100 chains wide, every time he measured one chain along the River line he had marked off ten acres, and every five chains marked off along the River meant 50 acres—the quota allotment for one individual. He had thus created a unit which was self-operating, and it was much simpler and much more comfortable, to draw his plan in New York than to fight his way among the forests along the Hudson, even though it did bring trouble to one of the settlers. The simplicity of the plan has one virtue, at least. It reconciles us to the loss of Graham's original map; for any bright school child can sit down and reconstruct his map in precisely the way that he himself prepared it.

So he looked at his list and found that his first family consisted of a man and his wife and three children. The man's name was Johannes Jacob Plettel and he had had the misfortune to die in 1710, the year after he arrived. But Graham seemed to think that the widow Plettel would not remain single long, so he allotted to her land for five persons, just as though Johannes Jacob were still alive. At 50 acres apiece, this called for 250 acres for Family No. 1. Graham had already figured out that five chains would be the width of a 50-acre strip between his two lines, so he measured 25 chains North from his specified starting point, the North side of Quassaick Creek, and lo, he had his first division line—and we have ours:

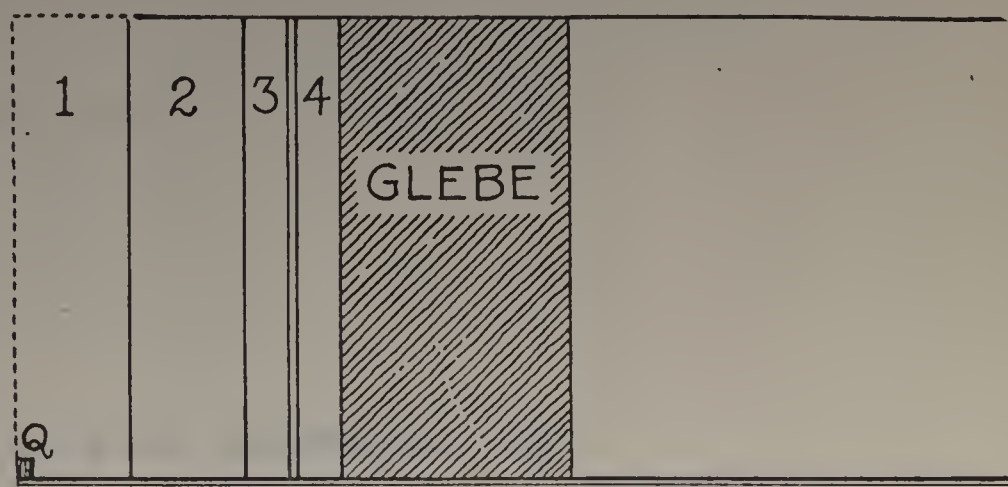
Next, Michael Weigand not only had a wife, but there were little Tobias, George and Anna Maria—five again—another 250 acres, and his next line was fixed.

Herman Schuneman, next in line, had come to the colony unmarried, as one of the two bachelors of the little company. Of course he had since found and married Elizabeth, but they had no children as yet, so only 100 acres fell to their lot, and Graham counted only 10 chains to their line. Then he drew his next line very close—only two chains—and instead of assigning it to any one family, it was given to all, for use as a road. Then the next lot was of 100 acres, and is the only one

of which we have no definite record as to who received it. It is not, however, difficult to reach a conclusion, as only one family of two members remains unaccounted for. Fifteen families came originally and nine of these were assigned lots in the Patent. Of the remaining six, five had left, and of their number there was only one family of two—the widow Maria Wemarin and her daughter Catherine—and it is rea-

200 acres. Again a line is drawn. Another narrow lot follows, for Johannes Fischer and his wife get only 100 acres, but the next one makes up for it, for Andries Volck and his wife have four children and get 300 acres,—six of the individual units of 50 acres each—giving them the largest allotment of all.

Which brings us to the end of the list and gives us the northern line of the Patent, precisely 217 chains



Graham's Work Is Progressing.

sonably safe to assume that they were the ones who remained and received from Graham the 100 acres of Lot No. 4.

When Graham drew the lines that bound the 100 acres he allotted to the Widow Wemarin it was an ever memorable piece of ruling, for they are the only ones of all his lines that remain to this day, clear and uninterrupted and still in use throughout their entire length!

Then he marked off 500 acres for a "Glebe", so called, for the support of the minister and a schoolmaster, as directed by Governor Hunter. Why it was placed just here we do not know, but I have come to the conclusion that it was probably the approximate location of the 500 acres set aside four years before for the minister's support.

Now we again see what a good politician Mr. Kockerthal was, for we find Graham next marking off 250 acres for his personal share, along with his wife and three children—this in addition to the Glebe. Perhaps this was due to the fact that the Glebe now had a schoolmaster also dependent upon its support.

These lots were all numbered, commencing at the South, so Peter Rose and his wife get Lot No. 6, and having no children it is only 100 acres—another line. Jacob Webber and his wife have two children, so Lot No. 7 is the first one comprising

from the starting point, though up to this minute every writer has called it 219 chains, repeating a perfectly obvious error in addition made in the original Patent. It also involves a worse error in actual measurement, but that comes later in the story.

The Palatine settlers had been clamoring for a formal charter to be issued them by the English Government, and this survey and map were made as the basis of such a charter. But things moved slowly, and it was fully five years more, and nearly eleven years after their arrival, before the charter was issued.

A great deal may happen in five years, and we find several changes in the list of those to whom the land was eventually assigned. This final list of nine owners you may find in print, and many of you are familiar with it, but nowhere else will you find the previous list to whom Graham assigned the lots at the time of his survey. Here you have heard that for the first time.

In the charter the lots were numbered from 1 to 9, beginning at the South, and we find Lot No. 1 issued to George Lockstead, or Lockstadt, his wife and three children. Perhaps you wonder how this new name came among our little company of German wanderers? Well, it came by way of marriage, for Graham had been correct in his suspicion

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that the widow Plettel would soon find another husband. She had met and married this member of the later band of Palatine immigrants who had settled farther up the river. I have never seen this referred to before, but it is fully proved by the fact that the names of George Lockstead's wife and three children, as given in the Patent, correspond exactly with those of the wife and children of Johannes Jacob Plettel. The widow made a good choice, for Lockstead became a valuable man in the colony, acting as its spokesman whenever Kockerthal was absent, and preparing important petitions for them.

Lot No. 2 went to Michael Weigand, and No. 3 to Herman Shuneman, as planned, but when we come to Lot No. 4 we find another interloper, Christian Henricke. He too had come from the up-river Palatine settlement and had probably bought out the Widow Wemarin. He was not a true Newburgher, for within five or ten years he had himself sold out and left us, after having made a complaint to Governor Hunter, in 1817, asking to have Mr. Kockerthal's land taken away from him.

And now we come to the first change in Graham's lines. The Reverend Mr. Kockerthal did not live to see the charter issued, dying about a year previously. But before his death he succeeded in getting his land changed, transposing the positions of his own lot and the Glebe. You will remember that in Graham's assignment the Glebe was placed between Lots 4 and 5. Kockerthal now had his own land moved south, next to Lot No. 4, and the Glebe moved North, between Nos. 5 and 6. Can it be that he foresaw that he would be nearer the center of things if he came toward Broadway? He remained a good politician even in death, for his widow and her three children retained the portion assigned to the entire family of five.

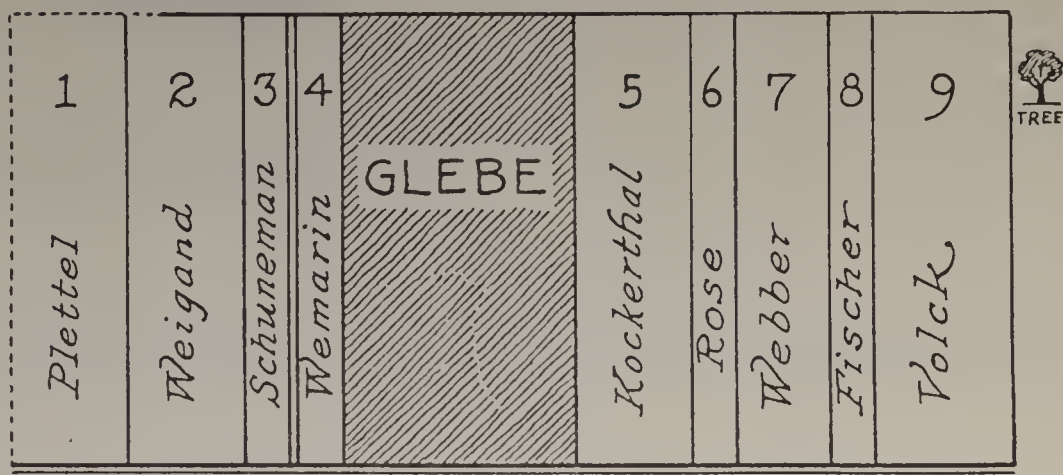
Lot No. 6 brings another change, for Peter Rose, to whom we find it originally assigned, became tired of the busy life of Newburgh and sold out and moved to Pennsylvania. When the Patent was issued, in 1719, he had already been gone three years. So the charter bears the name of the purchaser, a very important change, for it brought to Newburgh a Dutchman—perhaps its first Dutchman—certainly its first real estate operator, and the only one of the original patentees who built a house that is still standing today. His name was Burger Meynders, and he came to the older Dutch settlement at Kingston twenty-three years before our Pala-

tines left their native Germany. He later tried metropolitan life in New York for several years before he came to Newburgh to become the most prosperous man of his day here and build part of the house that we now venerate as "Washington's Headquarters."

The other three lots were issued to Webber, Fischer and Volck, as originally assigned. We pass them over in silence. Their land comprised nearly all of Balmville, but they were shortsighted men who could not see what a beautiful home district that is, for they sold out almost immediately and went away.

This brings us again to our Northern limit, and it is time to tell you where it is. Running almost due East and West, it crosses the State Road just South of the Big Tree. And Mr. Graham's other boundary

have always been told them. There was a great deal of carelessness displayed in the preparation of that document, when one considers the five years devoted to the task. And this carelessness was repeated in every official document that followed it, and in every comment since. Let us see how it affects the dimensions of the Patent: We can readily compute that the total personal allotments add up to 215 chains along the River, and that Graham's street between Lots 3 and 4—which was 2 chains wide—brings the total extent to 217 chains. Now those who drew up the Patent carelessly assumed that the other 20 acres remaining for road purposes would also form a street running East and West, adding 2 chains more and bringing the total extent to the 219 chains which they wrote into the Patent and which has always since



Graham's Original Allotment of the Land.

line is the outer line of our present West Street.

These boundaries are said in the Patent to contain 2,190 acres. The total personal allotment adds up to 2,150 acres, but the Patent provides another 40 acres for road purposes. Exactly half of this is taken up by the wide street which Graham placed between Lots 3 and 4. The remaining 20 acres are found between two straight lines which Graham drew all across his map, running North and South and forming another road. Now this road, about one chain in width, extending across all of the nine lots and the Glebe, of course deducted from each individual allotment, and to compensate for it Graham must needs have added an equal strip all along his Western boundary, making it 101 chains from the River, instead of the 100 chains he first planned. Whether he did this, we do not know.

In either case, the result changes the dimensions of the Patent as we

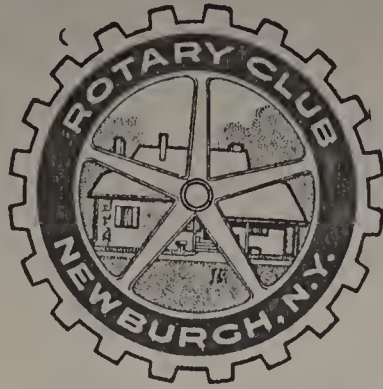
been accepted as Gospel. Instead, Graham ran that street the other way — North and South — as stated before. But if he added a compensating strip to his Western boundary the mathematical result would be the same, 2,190 acres, though the proportions would be altered to 101 by 217 chains.

But still the Palatines would not get their 2,190 acres! If you care for secrets I will tell you one that nobody has ever told you before, and yet it is a secret open to the world, that has been waiting all these years to be discovered. The Palatines could never receive 2,190 acres on this basis and, worse yet, the loss all fell on one individual! George Lockstead's courage in marrying a widow with three children was all wasted, for he never received his 250 acres! This is because Quassaick Creek, which formed the Southern boundary, instead of running straight back from the river, at right angles, as the surveyor naively assumed,

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"Service Above Self"

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ran in a very crooked line as shown on the accompanying map. See what it did to George! To give Lockstead and the Palatines their full quota, it must needs run along the dotted line there shown. The Chambers Patent, to the South, had for its Northern boundary the Quassaick Creek and once gave its name to that stream, which was for several years known as Chambers Creek.

Yet we find the error perpetuated in official documents as late as 1751, for the new Glebe Patent in that year still speaks of 2,190 acres, at a time when the discrepancy must certainly have been already discovered.

That Graham's error was not the first of its kind is borne out by Cadwallader Colden (the First) writing on "The Lands of New York," in 1732. Colden has the following to say:

"Several of the great Tracts lying on Hudson's River are bounded by that River, on the East or West sides and on the North and South sides by Brooks or Streams of Water which, when the country was not well known, were supposed to run nearly perpendicular to the River as they do for some distance from their mouths, whereas many of these Brooks run nearly parallel to the River and sometimes in a course almost directly opposite to the River. This has created great confusion with the adjoining patents, and frequently Contradictions in the boundaries, as they are expressed in the same patent."

Yes, we can readily see the confusion resulting when George Lockstead tried to find his 250 acres between Quassaick Creek and the South line of Lot No. 2!

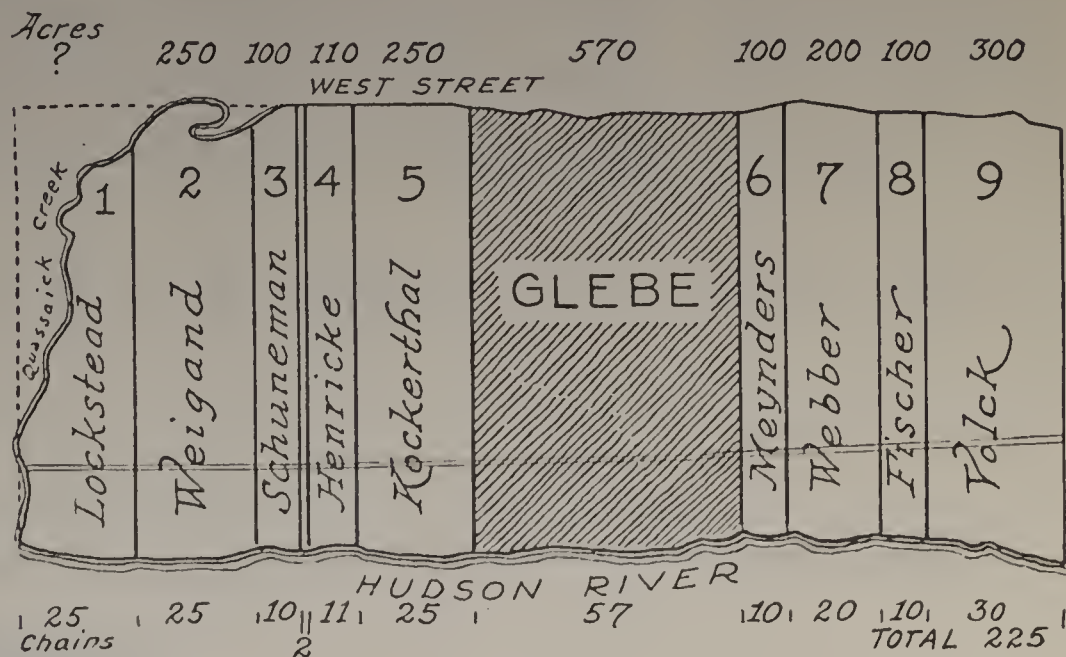
Colden was a local man, Quassaick Creek was not far from his own land, and there can be no doubt that he had this particular case in mind when he wrote.

But if those who drew up the Patent made errors, those who staked out the land added two choice ones of their own—if they really were errors. We do not know whether this was done by Graham or by someone else, but the results are astonishing. Starting at Quassaick Creek, to make the allotments according to the Patent, they worked along all right until they got to Lot No. 4. Here their hand slipped, and they marked off 11 chains instead of the 10 that were called for, thus giving Henricke 110 acres. Their other "error" was when they came to the Glebe, and here occurred another slip of the hand that was really worth while, for instead of marking off 50 chains they mark-

ed off 57. This gave the Glebe 570 acres instead of the traditional 500, a fact that has never been commented upon until this day! Even in 1752—thirty-three years later—the new Glebe charter still solemnly speaks of 500 acres. More astonishing still, the Glebe Trustees did not know it, for in that same year they prepared a map dividing the property into lots, and the sum of the lot dimensions and the intervening streets adds up to about 50 chains. Yet it actually measures 57 chains.

But still the Palatines did not get their 2,190 acres, for the 80 acres thus gained would scarcely make up

said Graham had ten families to make allotments for, whereas the charter has provided for only nine. The tenth lot, assigned to Melchior Gulch, one of the original company of Palatines, was located so far North that it was not included in the German Patent, but Gulch received a separate patent for it. It is located up near the Danskammer, and it brings up a very important point. Several years' exhaustive study of this has brought me to the conclusion that the land lying between Gulch's Patent and the North line of the German Patent, including the Northern part of Balmville and all of Middlehope,



Final Allotment of Land in the German Patent of 1719.
(Western Line Now Conforms to Line of River.)

for what is lacking in Lot No. 1, and was certainly no compensation to Lockstead.

(It should be said of the map which accompanies this that it is the only correct representation of the lines of the German Patent which has ever been published and only one other has ever appeared in print, that which Mr. Ruttenber gave us in his history. A careless engraver spoiled his good intentions, but the reader can easily discover its errors and avoid being misled. I cannot believe that this was done by Charles W. Tice, who made the other illustrations for that history; he was too careful a worker to make such obvious mistakes in the relative proportions of the lots. Graham's original map is lost, but the City possesses an elaborate reconstruction of it made in 1835 by Col. Parmenter. This, of course, is not available for ready reference, which gives the present map a distinct value.)

I hope some of you have kept tabs on me and remember that I

was part of the original grant on which the Palatines settled in 1709. We have seen that fifteen families came over, but that Graham found only ten to make assignments for. I think we have good reason to believe that Graham, starting at the South and working Northward in parcelling off his allotments, finished his list before he had used up all the available land, due to the reduction in the number of settlers. Gulch, who had probably been the Northernmost settler, and objected to moving, was thus left isolated at a distance from his partners. The theory is borne out by the fact that a large part of this land lying between remained for years without an owner and was not granted by patent until just before the Revolution.

Gulch is interesting to us because his name, altered to Gillis, and that of Weigand, are the only names of original settlers that have come down to modern times in Newburgh life.

Though Gulch did not remain long on his patent, the land was kept in-

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The faculty and students of Mt. St. Mary salute their beloved city on its memorable anniversary!

A vintage black and white advertisement for Coca-Cola. On the left, a young girl with blonde hair, wearing a light-colored dress with a star on the collar, holds a large, dark glass bottle of Coca-Cola. The bottle has the classic script logo and 'TRADE MARK REGISTERED' printed on it. To her right is a dark pennant with the word 'DRINK' in small capital letters above the large, white script 'Coca-Cola' logo. Below the logo, the word 'REGISTERED' is visible in small letters. The background is a light, textured surface.

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er of record was Daniel Knillin, a very early Newburgher. Kniffin's daughter married Samuel Weed, a Revolutionary patriot who has many descendents in Newburgh, being the ancestor of the Holmes, Phillips and Merritt tribes. Samuel Weed's daughter married Underhill Merritt and brought him as a dower this Melchior Gulch land, part of which, we believe, has remained in the Merritt family until within a few years. A granddaughter of Samuel Weed became the wife of Gilbert Holmes, whose grandfather, Burroughs Holmes, bought Lot No. 6 entire from Burger Meynders when he moved down to Lot No. 2 and built the Headquarters house.

We have some lines here marked off for streets. They look fine among our other straight lines, but it is unnecessary to say that it was a long, long time before either of them assumed the straightness and the width assigned them on the map. Were they practical at the time Graham planned them? The one running North and South was well placed and had a value. Graham no doubt found some sort of road here, just as the settlers had probably found an Indian trail in the same place. It is the logical place where the settlers would have located their first road, parallel to the River. Hudson River settlers always had a tendency to climb a hill to the first level ground and locate a little above the River. If one asks why no street was carried along the river front, we are told that even as late as the Revolution, 60 years later, the land below the hill was so swampy that one could hardly set foot there.

The street connected, more or less, with roads to Albany, and to the comparatively ancient settlements of Sopus and Paltz.

But if the street running North grew from usage, I am sure that the other one, running West, was Graham's own idea and had its birth on paper, under his pen. The first settlers had little or no occasion to travel out this way. The Clinton immigrants were not to found Little Britain until eighteen years later, and the Crist brothers had not yet built their mill at Ward's Bridge, the nucleus of Montgomery. Graham must have been a man of imagination and vision. He saw the country back of us settled and in need of a road leading to it, and in planning that road he "spread himself." He also spread the road—to that glorious width that makes it take rank with

the widest streets in America—Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington and Canal Street in New Orleans. And what a heritage he left us! Wherever one travels, when he tells that he hails from Newburgh somebody is sure to exclaim: Oh, the town with the beautiful street! And it is doubtful if at any later time that street would have been laid out so wide, or so perfectly placed to frame one of the most beautiful views in the world. We can only conjecture why it was placed just at this part of the Patent; perhaps midway between the Creek and the Glebe was considered a central location.

Which brings us to the first of our crooked lines. Though our predecessors placed their first street at the top of the hill, they nevertheless needed a route to the river, for that was, of course, their principal highway to the outer world. So it is safe to say that the second street the settlement knew was a road, or path which started at the river edge in Lot No. 4, slanted up into Lot No. 5, took a sharp turn here and continued to slant uphill, crossing Lots 4 and 3, and eventually went on toward New Windsor. By the time it needed a name it was called Wagon Street. Part of it still remains as Colden Street. Certainly it was here long before the surveyor did his work, and we would like to think that it was the path first followed by the Palatine settlers the day they landed here. On Sackett's map a short stretch of it runs due East and West along the present line of Broadway, from High Street nearly to Liberty Street, and it is quite possible that this fixed Graham's location of his "3-Rod Road" as his avenue was called.

These early lines of street all changed their names, for better or worse. It was inevitable, perhaps, that the Revolutionary War should see the King's Highway changed to Liberty Street. The newer name is a suitable and fine one, and yet who does not regret that we could not have kept the original name! Especially so when we think with what pride our western cousins cherish their King's Highway—that Camino Real that stretches the length of California, with the interesting bell-shaped markers placed through its entire course by the Society of Colonial Dames. The transition from Wagon street to Colden street was a fitting change that commemorates Newburgh's most distinguished early citizen, Cadwallader Colden and his son Alexander, who developed this

part of town, though to be candid, it was probably named for and by Thomas Colden who owned the neighboring land at the time the change was made.

Eight-Rod Road came to be known, for many years, as Western Avenue and its change is only a matter for regret. To give up the beautiful, descriptive and distinctive name of Western Avenue for the Bromidic Broadway is a change that could be pleasing only to a person of poor taste. But we escaped something worse, if anything could be worse, for when Cadwallader Colden and James Alexander laid out their "Town of Newburgh Plot" in 1730 they prepared a map which shows this street bearing the following legend: "Main Street, A Street 2 Chains Wide." So we might have fared worse! Perhaps it should be said for those unfamiliar with surveyor's measure that 2 chains equal 8 rods, or 132 feet—the present width of Broadway from housefront to housefront.

Now for the rest of our lines. I cannot think of a more interesting matter for speculation, to the Newburgher who crosses them every day, than the problem of what became of these lines, and just where, if at all, they still mark property divisions. And most of us have very little general knowledge regarding them.

Starting at the North, it is curious to note that the last four lines, those bounding Lots 7, 8, and 9, have disappeared entirely. It seems almost impossible that this could happen; we would think that when titles were transferred, these lines must certainly remain as the boundaries of parcels. It is partly explained by the fact that Webber, Fischer and Volck all sold to the same man, Zacharias Hoffman. Newburgh's second real estate operator, and with the property all in his own name, he could create new boundaries when he sold a portion. This fails to explain, however, how the line forming the Northern boundary of the patent could so entirely disappear, but owners along this line must at some time have purchased adjoining land in the DeMott Patent lying next to it, and, in turn, created their own boundaries.

And the same is true of the line between Number 6 and 7, of which only a little stretch of about 200 feet remains on present day maps. The last owner of this lot in its entirety was Burras Holmes, and there

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270 WASHINGTON STREET

Telephone 7136

is no record of his having sold to Hoffman.

The next line, between No. 6 and the Glebe, was destined to become a noteworthy one, for it is practically the line of the Northern boundary of the City of Newburgh. It can be exactly traced only along the north side of North Street for the two blocks between Liberty Street and the River.

To trace the next two lines—the boundaries of Lot No. 5, we must dip into the history of street lines that came much later. This would be an interesting story in itself, but I have only time to remind you that Newburgh grew as three separate Villages, at the Eastern end of Lot No. 4, of the Glebe, and of Lot No. 5, in that order. The first to be mapped and have lots marked off and offered for sale was a project of Cadwalader Colden and his partners, at the River end of Lot No. 4. It had only three streets, Water, Colden, then Wagon, and High, and provided for no East and West Streets. Next the Trustees of the Glebe had a map made of the Eastern end of their land, and added many more beautiful straight lines to our Map.

People often ask why South Street is so far North. It is because the Glebe Trustees were interested only with their own land; they were making a separate village and were not concerned with neighboring developments. So they bounded their land with a North Street and a South Street. And the housefronts on the south side of South Street mark the line between the Glebe and Lot No. 5.

Now, the Kockerthal children, after they grew up, and their mother died, sold their land to a man named James Smith—you see the English were beginning to come in—and he left it to his son Benjamin Smith, a famous Tory during the Revolution. When he made a map of his land, and opened it for settlement, in 1782, calling it the Town of Washington, he presented the city with seven new straight lines of street, including all of our numbered streets except First Street. The latter was cut off of Lot No. 4 and the line between Lots 4 and 5 may be found as the building line on the North side of First Street from the river to Montgomery Street. From there to Liberty it becomes lost in "The Square", but from Liberty Street to West Street it lies precisely in the middle of the roadway.

Between this line and Broadway lies Lot No. 4, the only one of our

lots that remains clearly defined on all its boundaries throughout its entire length. Perhaps because it was one of the narrower lots is why no East and West streets were cut through it, and we must walk such a long block between First Street and Broadway.

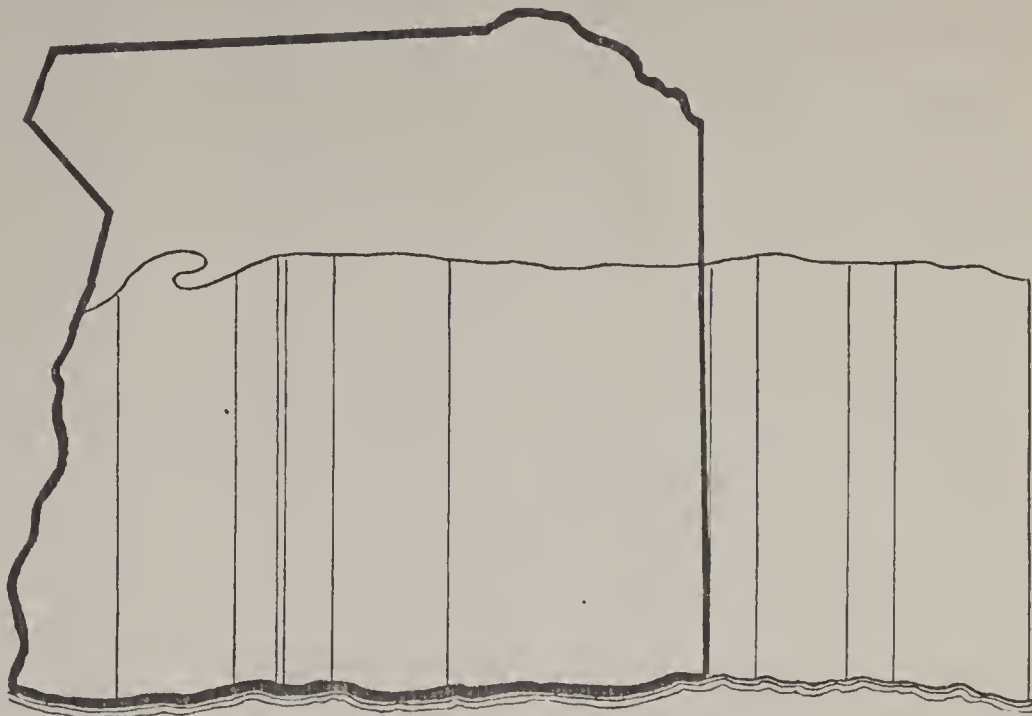
Graham's next lines—the allotment for his "8-Rod Road." — are the building lines of the present Broadway. You have sometimes heard it said that Broadway did not gain its present width until the Cochection Turnpike was built and that we owe it to the projectors of that enterprise. This is true only in the physical sense of actual development. Nothing could be a greater mistake than to assume that Graham's "Eight-Rod Road" did not always exist in its present width—at least on paper—from the day of his first survey. The lines of his adjoining lots—3 and 4 — are well known and fixed by property deeds and not an inch of the 132 feet between them has ever been held as private property. This was first pointed out by our great historian, E. M. Ruttenber. We possess maps made half a century before the Cochection was dreamed of, on which this road is shown with its present width clearly specified. But the early settlers had no need of

such a wide road and no means of maintaining it, so when 1800 dawned there was probably a very narrow road here, for from straight, and encroached upon by landholders on both sides. We probably owe its development, straightening and declamation to John DeWitt, as Mr. J. W. F. Ruttenber has shown us.

If you would find the next line, that between Lots No. 2 and 3, walk up the path at the North side of Headquarters Park, and stop on the bit of concrete between the soldier's statue and Uzal Knapp's tomb. You will be standing on the German Patent Line. West of this it runs exactly midway between Parmenter and Washington Streets.

The line between Lots 1 and 2 has quite disappeared, owing to the consolidation of the two. It lies between Carson Avenue and Overlook Place.

So there are the lines. There is much of interest in their alteration into new lines, marking a second group of large parcels of land before a general distribution took place, but it belongs to another story. You at least know where the original ones were, and have heard some facts about them that have never been told or written before.

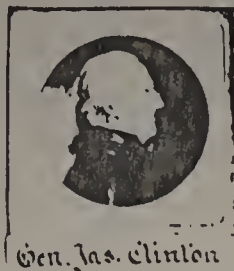


The German Patent Compared with the Present Boundaries of the City of Newburgh.

Light Lines Represent German Patent.
Heavy Lines Represent City Boundaries.



At the large end is engraved (at JAMES CLINTON -
1775, and at the small end appears the name
"THOMAS PLOWMAN." The horn is in the possession
of the Historical Society of Newburgh Bay and
the Highlands, and research is now in progress
to verify the original ownership.



The Clinton powder horn.



The Clinton Powder Horn

By ANNE CAMAC NICOLL WIGHTMAN

This Historical Society of Newburgh Bay and the Highlands has in its possession a map powder horn on which is engraved the name of Colonel James Clinton. A question has been raised as to whether or not James Clinton actually owned the horn. Powder horns, like postage stamps, cannot be studied without delving into geography and biography as well as history, and even though it transpire that Colonel Clinton never owned this particular horn, it remains, nevertheless, a vivid reminder of our once trackless forests, our primitive settlements, our Indian friends and enemies, our 18th century ordnance and actual methods of warfare, and, of even greater significance, these horns give us a "close-up" of our officers and soldiers in camp and on the march, almost as clearly as though a newsreel man were there with his camera and interviews.

During the 18th century horn was familiar material in the home as well as on the battlefield, horn books, horn spoons, ink horns, drinking horns, hunting horns, as well as powder horns, were common objects. Horn was light, durable, fire-resistant and could be rendered water-tight by sealing cracks with melted bees wax and tallow. The horns of European cattle were not large enough for most purposes, and South American and West Indian steers were imported by dealers who sold the horns for a penny apiece. Our Texas long horns are descendants of these early cattle. The horn had to be at least twenty inches long. The large end was opened up, the inside scraped clean and into the opening was fitted a wooden plug, (sometimes scrolled, sometimes plain), in the centre of which was inserted a button or peg.

The small end was cut off at the opening, and a stopper placed in the nozzle, with a sort of collar carved out below it. To this collar, and to the peg or button was fastened the strap which the wearer slung over his right shoulder to the left underarm, the curve of the horn fitting snugly to the body. The stopper was removed with the teeth. One horn we have seen shows the teeth marks of a soldier of long ago.

A powder horn was part of regulation equipment for both officers and men, and was marked with the owner's name for quick identification in returning it when brought to the powder wagon for refilling. There were two types of military powder horn—"culch" and map." Many of the former were in use during the period preceding Braddock's expedition against Fort Duquesne in 1735. Their carving displayed the enlisted man's nostalgic imaginings--a cabin, a deer, a hunter, a tree, a dog--in fact very little that had to do with warfare. They were mostly carved during idle hours in camp. A clever artisan would decorate a horn for a less gifted comrade, who might repay him with rum or by taking over his guard duty. At home it hung with his flintlock by the hearth, easy to reach when the dreaded war whoop split the air.

Map powder horns came into the picture when new campaigns involved marches through unfamiliar territory--the wildernesses of central New York and Pennsylvania. The idea of using part of the soldier's gear as a guide resulted in employing skilled craftsmen to copy the few maps owned by settlers. Map horns were specially ordered for definite campaigns and incised by experts. Even silversmiths engraved map horns.²

The particular powder horn of which we write was presented to this Society by Mr. J. Renwick Thomp-

son, as having belonged to Colonel James Clinton. We show two views of this horn, made by William Turner Hilton, Jr.³ It has for a nozzle, not a stopper, but a metal collar, which is opened by means of a small valve held in place by a tiny screw. The collar for the shoulder strap is very deep set. The base peg is smooth, centered with a brass button. The carving is neatly done and shows the usual British coat of arms. Beginning at the big end is New York with its Church steeples and dwellings and Fort George with the British flag flying from the battlements. In the harbour are ships and a small rowboat in which are what appear to be two Indians rowing and a white man steering. There is also a large windmill and a small detached building, possibly a tavern, from which swings a sign. There is a tree and a very big cow with remarkably long horns! On the reverse side of the big end is Albany—its usual place on map horns. There are Churches, houses, and the Fort on the hill flying the British flag. On the road from Albany to Schenectady⁴ is a wagon drawn by two galloping horses and filled with what may be either men or bales. There are the well-known forts — Hunter, Hunt, Johnston, Stanwix and Herkimer (spelled Harkiman) and the Towns of Stone Arabia (spelled Stonraby), Carin Place, German Flatts and Niagara. It shows the Hudson River taking its course northeasterly and the Mohawk branching to the northwest past Lake Onyda and on to Fort "Onterio" and Lake "Onterio," in which floats a huge ship with the British emblem flying from its stern. There are a few trees to denote the forest, and near Niagara is a soldier kneeling behind a tree firing at an Indian who is falling backward, also behind a tree—noteworthy commentary on the type of war being waged. The soldier has his powder horn slung over his shoulder.

Now, so far, it runs true to form, but the shadow of doubt as to James Clinton's ownership falls across our horn because of two things. First, in lettering identical with place names and generally conforming to the style of the carving is the name "Thomas Plowman," who was presumably a maker of horns.⁵ Secondly, across

the big end of our horn, in letters differing in every particular from the place names and the coat of arms, is engraved "Col. James Clinton"—and beneath it, divided by a tree "17-75." In 1757 James Clinton was a Captain in the Provincial army under General Bradstreet at the capture of Fort Frontenac. In 1775 he was Colonel of third New York regiment, which marched to Quebec with General Montgomery's ill-fated expedition.

In considering the significance of these dates we note that in 1759 and 1775 James Clinton would have been using a map powder horn. We know of some cases where horns were carried in battle and engraved later.⁶ Further research, in progress as this paper goes to press, may yield added information which will help to clear up the mystery of two names on one horn. Who was Thomas Plowman—maker or owner? Did the horn come into Clinton's possession in 1775 after having served other owners? Or did some modern hand carve on it Colonel Clinton's name in order to enhance its value?

We may wander where our fancy leads and its ownership may ever remain an open question, but the horn stands withal, a mute witness of great events in our nation's history, and a poignant reminder of a gallant soldier and a good man.

1. "Culch" means "rubbish." Cattle horns were so considered in South America and the West Indies, the hides and beef being the valuable commodity.

2. Paul Revere is known to have carved map horns, and of local interest is Samuel More, of Poughkeepsie, whose dated products cover a period of sixty years. Perhaps the best known engraver was John Bush, who made the Captain Israel Putnam horn in 1756.

3. The person from whom Mr. Thompson received the horn has since died, and any special data is no longer available.

4. Spelled "Chinakaty." The name is Dutch and means "the first place seen after coming out of the woods."

5. Many years ago a horn was found in a field in Seneca County, New York, engraved with the name "Thomas Ploughman, 1759." The nozzle had been split by a bullet. It is now in the Geneva Historical Museum.

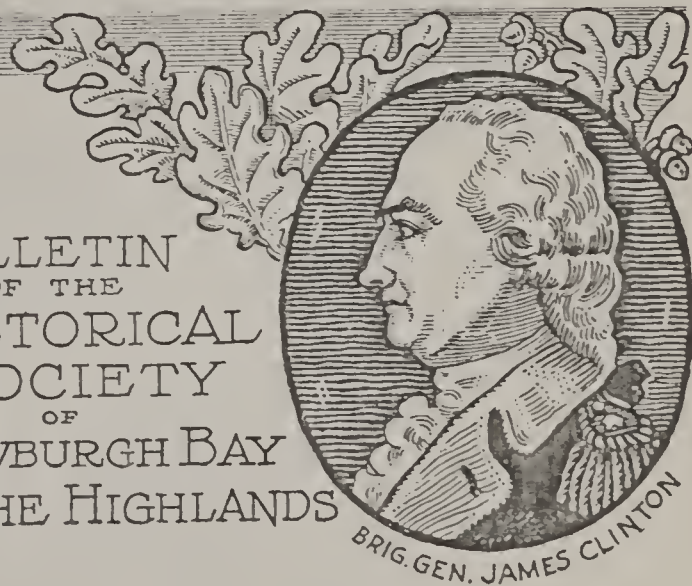
6. When a powder horn was dated it usually referred to the time of its completion, although sometimes one was ordered as a gift to commemorate some outstanding victory or an individual achievement. Such a horn was presented to General John Stark by his appreciative command after the battle of Bennington.



HOME OF GEN. CLINTON
NEAR NEWBURGH,
DRAWN BY JOHN W. BARBER, 1841

SEPTEMBER 1929

BULLETIN
OF THE
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY
OF
NEWBURGH BAY
& THE HIGHLANDS



Officials of Newburgh's 250th Anniversary Celebration, Inc.



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The 250th Newburgh Anniversary Committee

PRESENTS AN HISTORICAL SPECTACLE

"THE STORY OF NEWBURGH BAY"

written by

FRENCH and MARYHELEN SENSABAUGH

from historic data compiled by

MRS. WINTHROP SAYER

A JOHN B. ROGERS PRODUCTION

directed by

THE SENSABAUGHS

July 6 - 7 - 8 - 9 - 10 - 11

AT

Newburgh Free Academy Athletic Field

SHOW TIME (at dusk) NEAR 8:45 P.M.



Joseph P. Manihan, Parade Co-Chairman; Richard Goodrich, Spectacle Ticket Division Chairman; Charles Hennebeul, Revenue Chairman; Ingham Stubley, Participation Co-Chairman; Mrs. F. R. Small, Participation Co-Chairman; William White, Hospitality Chairman; Frank McCue, Publicity Chairman.

"The Story of Newburgh Bay" 1827737

(Although these episodes are based on historic fact, some have been altered for dramatic purpose.)

THE PROLOGUE

Scene 1—A scene of glorious pageantry honoring the flag, the reigning queens, "Miss Newburgh" and "The Little Queen" with their Royal Courts of Honor . . . together with horsemen and flags of other lands—the youth of Newburgh and the Color Guards of Stewart Air Force Base, The American Legion and V.F.W. . . . The Queens will be crowned on opening night and will be presented each night.

Scene 2—Three hundred fifty years ago Henry Hudson anchored his ship "The Half Moon" in the bay here. As the hardy explorers watched the strange tribal dances of the natives on shore, the whisper spread among the crew "De Duyfil's Danskammer" (The Devil's Dance Chamber.)

Scene 3—For the next hundred years little is known of any white men in the area except through the legend of Naoman, the Indian traitor, who gave his life in an attempt to save a white family who had shown him kindness. The sacrifice of Naoman did not suffice to save the victims and they perished in the massacre of Murderer's Creek.

ACT I

EPISODE I—THE PALATINES

In 1709, a band of Lutheran Refugees from along the lower Rhine came to our shores from far off England, under the sponsorship of Queen Anne. . . We will show their arrival under the leadership of Reverend Joshua Kockerthal. . . Trace the founding of the Glebe, the hardship of the early years and the life of the little community—at work . . . at play . . . at church . . . at school.

EPISODE II—COLONIAL NEWBURGH

By 1752 only a few of the original Palatines remained. Scotch, English and Irish came, and the settlement was known as Newburgh. . . You will see the leaders of the time as they re-divide the Glebe land and organize the Committee of Safety to meet the early challenge of the Revolutionary War.

At Temple Hill, Washington's finest troops were stationed. We will show them when word is received in 1781 of Cornwallis' surrender—as they enlivened the celebration and burned in effigy the traitor Arnold.

In 1782 Washington returned to his troops and set up headquarters at the Hasbrouck House. . . We hint at the lighter side of the General's life with a grand ball given to honor he and Lady Washington. . . we see the dancing of the minuet and feel a human kinship with Martha when she objects to George's attention to the flirtatious Lucy Knox.

We point the troubles that beset Washington until peace was consummated and see his anger as he refused a Crown . . . see his great sincerity and simplicity as he quelled a mutiny . . . feel proud that Washington was here on Newburgh Bay when hostilities finally ceased and we became—no longer Rebels—but a proud new nation.

ACT II

EPISODE III—ANTEBELLUM DAYS

During the next 80 odd years growth was rapid. New roads, turnpikes—stage lines and ships brought famous visitors.

In 1869, when Grant was President, he visited here and we see the townspeople as they turned out in gala attire to welcome him and dance the Virginia Reel.

EPISODE IV—GAY 90'S

At the turn of the century life was happy and gay—and we re-live again a community picnic. . . See the bathing beauties of yesteryear—and take pride in New York's Governor—Benjamin B. Odell—Newburgh's son and friend.

EPISODE V—THE CAUSE OF DEMOCRACY

Then 1917—and war in Europe. We gave our sons and daughters—and here at home ships were built. . . Theodore Roosevelt came here when the first cargo ship was ready for launching and spoke from the platform of our shipyards. . . His words then—ring true today.

EPISODE VI—ROARING 20's

In the late 20's prosperity abounded. . . Money flowed like Moonshine! Our own Ken Casey gave us Sweet Georgia Brown. . . It was the age of the flapper and we see their bobbed hair flying and their fast feet gyrating in the crazy dance . . . THE CHARLESTON!

EPISODE VII—THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM

Everything was riding high until the Wall Street Crash. . . Depression! With Emergency Measures life struggled back—WPA—CCC—RECOVERY! . . . Then Pearl Harbor and World War II—Newburgh along with her nation, bore her share of sacrifice and hardship—freely and willingly—for that is the spirit that is America. . . We pay tribute, with the planting of the flag on Iwo Jima, to the many Newburgh men who have fought for their land down thru the ages in all wars.

EPISODE VIII—THE ATOMIC AGE

We will portray a testing ground for atomic weapons and explosives. There will be a count off of ten seconds before the blast at ground zero.

EPISODE IX—THE SPACE AGE (Grand Finale)

"The Story of Newburgh Bay" is simply a montage of the United States of America. . . Symbolized by the chain of old across the Hudson. . . Symbolized by Washington's Headquarters—where close vigilance was kept for the beacon signal—warning of danger from anyone who would destroy our way of life. . . The human wheel turns! — The foresight of our early citizens is more than rewarded — The future is a challenge; — we welcome it . . . NEWBURGH MARCHES ON!

QUEEN CONTESTANTS

We are most grateful to all the girls who participated in the Newburgh 250th Celebration Queens' Contest, and most especially, to those who promoted the celebration through the finish of the contest. Since the contests were at their peak at the time the souvenir program was being printed, it was impossible to have photographs of the Queens and their courts.

For their fine work in organizing the contest and serving in many ways to help make it such a success, we thank the Jayncees of Newburgh and their able committee:

Hope DeFazio, Julia Loparco, Beatrice Werner, Christine Baxter, Constance Baird, Nancy Stewart, Susie Meehan, Joan Meneely, Patricia Murphy, Josephine Calhelhas, Elaine Hesse, Arlene McFarland, Cora Mae Royce, Jacqueline Jackson, Patricia Randolph, Caroline Fleming, Jean Affuso, Margaret Anderson, Marie Baldwin, Patricia Coykendall, Judy Derosia, Marie Garzione, Jeanne Gross, Theresa Hammond, Karin Hurley, Janice Janufka, Marlyn Maines, Joan Messina, Dorothy Paris, Patricia Pignetti, Sandra Pollack, Patricia Rogers, Patricia Schofield, Joan Sheddon, Patricia Swain, Susan Tattman, Marion Tolcz, Connie Tuchin, Jeannette Way, Glenis Wootton.

Little Queen

Susan Adams, Kathleen Babcock, Robin Bauer, Cindy Bauer, Bianca Carbone, Evelyn Carroll, Caren Catania, Beverly Catania, Phyllis Berkowitz, Donna Maria Dell, Beatrice DeLong, Carole Ann Edge, Regina Flannery, Judy Grossholz, Patty McCullom, Linda Rocco, Linda Lawrence, Terry Lawrence, Patty Gowdey, Gay Smith, Pamela Lounsbury, Kim Lounsbury, Jessica Herrman, Sharon MacFarland, Terry MacFarland, Susan Havens, Michelle LaDuca, Patty Pagano, Jamie Lynn Gutierrez, Kathy Glynn, Donna Lamey, Mary Nahow, Carole Pidhorodecky, Diana Purdy, Victoria Ransom, Donna Gay Scott, Carole Ann Seely, Penny Tamsen, Patricia Pfleger, Marie Eisloeffel, Patricia VanDuzen, Elizabeth Sparo.

We salute these girls who have brought the Queens' Contests to a successful conclusion and we take great pride in listing their names.

NEWBURGH'S 250th ANNIVERSARY
CELEBRATION COMMITTEE.



From Left to Right: Vincent Favaino, Spectacle Division; John T. Esterbrook, Operating Capital; Edward F. Dillon, Board Member; Albert J. Abrams, Headquarters Chairman.

Spectacle Cast

NARRATORS

ROBERT DEDERICK
DICK RASKIN
RICHARD CORNELL

ANASTASIA FOURTUNIS
FRED STEUP, III
JOAN CHERNOFF
ROBERT DEVITT

PROLOGUE

Trumpeters—Vawn Tomer, Anna Ruggerio, Teri Mohr, Barbara Lopes, Terry Gleeson, Joan Tweed, Karen Morris.

Cadets—Adele Lukacil, Kathy Shapiro, Betsy Case, Sandra Sansbury, Jane Terwilliger, Carol Johnston, Jean Early, Joyce Monte, Lynn Stewart, Joan Smith, Regina Clark, Carolyn Mikutic, Kathe Gallage, Elizabeth Pullar, Rita Cohen, Sandra Woodin, Elaine Totonelly, Victoria Santogada, Barbara Meehan.

Jackies—Rhoda Babcock, Betty Gemma, Willa Nagel, Pat Catania, Barbara Baldwin, Betty Currey, Toni Masaracha, Elizabeth Geronda, Kathryn Minckler, Cathryn Penney, Karen Florie, Barbara Sherman, Sally Greene, Marie Dellamarco, Chrystal Penney, Bonnie Morris, Edith Johnston, Sharon Myers, Pat LeClair, Gloria DeVoti, Pat Rudolph, Sharon Golshersky, Joan Pizarro, Kathie Agnew, Vera Rizzo, Carol Wald, Victoria Frankel, Doris Barr, Linda Wilkinson, Eileen Puff, Patricia Palmer, Joan Ruggerio, Sally Paffendorf, Diane Baldwin, Jill DiLorenzo, Sandra Pollack, Jill McDermott, Ronnie Stangler, Judy Carfarone, Stephanie Hagar, Rita Caccarella, Julie Hurr, Pat Gleeson, Gloria Grzibowski, Diane Shay, Beverly Cassidy, Dianne Hughes, Mary Ellen Yablonsky, Sharon Ann Conklin, Carolyn Horaz, Jeanne Faskas, Jill Halstead, Merle Meehan.

Native Riders—Louise Haviland, Dick Goodrich, Jill Perrott, Carol Borden, Ronnie Borden, Jean Bull, Chris Sarks, Mary Rogers, Joan Perry.

N.F.A. Band—Rose Debrusin, Karen Manson, Ann Prokash, Diane Williams, Barrie Zimmerman, Carvill Prockosen, Jay Wexler, Richard Wolman, Richard Corbett, John Earley, Stanley Salomon, Steven Gutfeld, Richard Kaiser, Matthew Herbison, Carol Weiss, Joel Shapiro, Kent Sinigalli, Albert Belleisle, Paul Goodrich, Roy Merz, Peter Brigandi, Bruce Eissner, John Wicker, William Morgan, Robert Randolph, John Glassey, Robert Murray, Herbert Mitchell, Joseph Ciarlanto, Rowland Sinnamon, Robert Meneely, Richard Ruslander, Howard Robinson, John Sully, Richard Rumpel, Mary Rogowicz, Joel Goldstein, William Newman, Daniel Friedenson, Robert Bradley, Peter Adams, Michael Cubreth, Lynn Pyle, Richard Minerley, Linda Monroe, Jennie Root, Brenda Peterson, Cora Mae Royce.

Color Guards—Stewart Air Force Base, American Legion, VFW.

HENRY HUDSON AND THE INDIANS

Henry Hudson—Vincent Favaino.

Sailors—Bob Donahue, William Donahue, Joseph Donahue.

Indian Dancers—Norma Anderson, Kathleen Christenson, Janice Coalla, Diane Tomer, Debbie Kooperman, Beverly

Buchanan, Louise Brooks, Lanier Anderson, Sheila Schultz, Carol DeCerbe, Kathy Spencer, Peri Lee, Barbara Whitty, Brenda Ward, Joan Courtney, Edith Mullin, Jane McDonald.

Indian Chief—Larry Benton.

Naaman—Phil Shaw.

White Woman—Dolores J. Shaw.

White Girl—Darlene Shaw.

White Boy—Kevin Shaw.

Indian Women—Alice Bowman, Ella Hogan, Edith Middleton, June Stofe, Terry Silvestri, Mrs. Santina Forsyth, Rosamond DeLong, Linda Pierrehumbert, Sharon Benton, Marlene Frost, Pauline Green, Muriel Topping, Dot Benton, Judy Stone, Gail Chernoff, Mrs. Carl Thonn, Kristine Thonn, Janice Thonn, Mrs. Norman Taylor.

Indian Men—Lester Barr, Lewis Monzo, Donald Niles, James Williams, Jerry Williams, John Bondur, Edward Sylcock, Conrad Gazeck, Thomas Calaluca, David McCutcheon, David Leo, John Sileno, George Green, John Keiser, Robert Plumbstead, Edwin Thonn.

Indian Boys—Johnny Topping, Jr., Winston DeLong, William DeLong, Joseph Green, III, David Middleton, Jimmy Bernard, Michael Stofe, Chris Stofe, Kevin Bowman.

Indian Girls—Barbara DeLong, Beatrice DeLong, Barbara Silvestri, Bonnie Lynn Topping, Susan Silvestri, Patricia Forsythe, Denise Bowman.

THE PALATINES

Rev. Joshua Kockerthal—Rev. John W. Klahn.

Men—A. H. Goodwin, Robert Weltzien.

Women—Helen Kirchofer, Margaret Cornish, Florence Ekhardt, Isabelle Klahn, Mrs. William Mohr, Rosemary Vanduzer, Aliana Pitts, Mrs. Robert Weltzien, Elizabeth McCullough, Mrs. Amelia Trudenbach.

Schoolteacher—Louis Nocilla.

Schoolchildren—Candy Peterson, Pamela Freer, Joan Birkenstock, Mary Johnson, Karlene Embler, Beverly McGovern, Evangeline Yanakis, Suse Killeen, Edna Horowitz, Karen Mathews, Bryn J. York, David McKay, Terry Freer, Van Monusky, Frank Nocilla, Buddy Brown, John Killeen, Burt Pritchard, Mark Sheldon, Mike Clements, Ernest Morris, Alex Chappa, Jimmy Killeen.

Graduates—Barbara Baldwin, Marie Dellamarco, Pat LeClair, Jill DiLorenzo.

Scotch Immigrants—Frank Kovsz, John Yanakis, Bob McWilliams, Joseph Gynar, Dr. Philip Cutler, Jack Fitzpatrick, Allan Cashman, Andrew Johnson, Helen Yanakis, Theresa Gynar.

Children—Johnny Fitzpatrick, Joseph Donahue, Hilary, Cathline and Mary Donahue.

COLONIAL NEWBURGH

Colonial Men—Kenneth Casey, Sr., Larry Benton, Jr., Robert Harris, Clifford Smith, Edward Weeks, Vincent Ugarte.

David Dryer, Sonny Quinn, Douglas Edwards, Robert Dixon, William Lochhead, Poul Stone, James Cooper, Joseph Tuckosh, Howard Collette.

Colonial Women—Joan Benton, Marlene Harris, Marge Smith, Betty Weeks, Linda Ugarte, Deronda Casey, Arlee Vandemark, Carol Ugarte, Lee Ann Green, Judy McMillen, Katherine Ford, Molly Wood, Alice Lockwood, Julie Stone, Marie Lee, Penny Logiudice, Julia Tuckosh.

Girls—Eileen McDermott, Wendy Dominick, Shoran Gage, O'Rene Innis, Adrian Crawford, Norma Jean Bulson, Judy Dwyer, June Birkenstock, Malanie Taylor.

Boys—James Anderson, John Crawford, Douglas Edwards, Thomas Monghan, George Gross, Gary Gross, John Robinson, Jackie Wilson, Raymond Terwilliger.

Major Domo—Warren Sloan.

George Woshington—Gordon Charles.

Mortho Washington—Emily Browne.

Lucy Knox—Jean Collette.

Soldiers—Harold Sloan, Fred Foyo, Jr., Jerry Doering, I. Charbonneau, Caesar Berra.

Continental Fife & Drum Corps—Ronold Peterson, Clark G. White, Joel Goldstein, Algernon White, Alon White, Richard Duben, Steven Westfall, Ray Powles, Roy Pascoe, Richard Pascoe, George Dueben, Jr., George Dueben, Sr., Robert Price, William Moore, Robert Dorrigan, Carol Powles.

ANTEBELLUM DAYS

President Grant—Vincent Favoino.

Townpeople—Julia Tuckosh, Joan Benton, Marlene Harris, Marge Smith, Lindo Ugarte, Deronda Cosey, Arlee Vandemark, Carol Ugarte, Lee Ann Green, Judy McMillen, Katherine Ford, Molly Wood, Alice Lockwood, Julie Stone, Morie Lee, Penny Logiudice, Vincent Ugarte, David Dryer, Sonny Quinn, Douglas Edwards, Robert Dixon, William Lockhead, Paul Stone, James Cooper, Joseph Tuckosh, Howard Collette, Kenneth Casey, Sr., Larry Benton, Jr., Robert Harris, Clifford Smith.

GAY 90's

Telephone Boy—Harry Worrell.

Telephone Girl—Marie Walsh.

Potent Medicine Man—Fred Plant.

Photographer—Tom Walsh.

Bicycle Man—Stewart Stephens.

Con Con Girls—Shelia Schultz, Carol DeCerber, Kathy Spencer, Peri Lee, Barbara Whitty, Brenda Ward, Joan Courtney, Edith Mullnix.

Bothing Beouties—Mary Levinson, Filomena Crisci, Mildred Bernard, Filomena Saponoro, Ruth Stribling, Mary Jane Wright.

Townpeople—Helen Crooks, Edna Fortune, Lou Conklin, Iride Ciaccio, Marion Stewart, Shirley Plant, Anne Cooney, Eileen Dailey, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Green.

WORLD WAR I

Theodore Roosevelt—Phil Shaw.

ROARING 20's

"Ken" Cosey—Himself.

Sweet Georgio Brown Girls—Kathleen Christenson, Janice Coalla, Diane Tomer, Debbie Koopman, Beverly Buchanan, Louise Brooks, Lanier Anderson, Jane McDonald.

Moonshiners, Bootleggers, Floppers and Boy Friends—Robert W. Moody, Theodore E. Gross, Jr., George L. Davis, Harvey Berger, Chester Johnson, Jr., Eddie Jay Williams, Matthew Johnson, Dennis Marshall, Marilyn Lewis, Jonice Shank, Pinky Tillis, Nancy Faller.

IWO JIMA

The Morines—

ATOMIC AGE

The Announcer.

SPACE AGE

Grand Finale—Entire Cast.

1709 City of Newburgh 1959

250th Celebration, Inc.

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Hostesses at Ball: Mrs. Norman Greene, Jr., Mrs. Robert MacWilliams, Mrs. Edward Sylcox, Mrs. Lou Conklin, Mrs. Thomas Emsley, Mrs. Jacob Decker, Jr., Mrs. Pete Jannotti, Mrs. Albert Silvestri, Mrs. Joseph Pelligrini, Miss Ann Cooney, Miss Kathleen Skinner.

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Mrs. S. Carlisle Goodrich assisted by Junior League with Mrs. James Steffy, President and Ossili Club with Mrs. George Kohl, President

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Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donahue, Mrs. Eugene McDowell, Mrs. William Youngberg, Miss Frances Fagan, Miss Clare Fitzgerald.

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LIGHTS COMMITTEE

Members: William Youngberg, Dean R. Smith, James McCormick, Ronald Nolan.

CASTING COMMITTEE

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Members: Mrs. Consuelo A. Kahr, John A. Wicks, Walter A. Tuttle.

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Members of Columbian Squires.

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RADIO & T.V. COMMITTEE

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DISTRIBUTIVE COMMITTEE

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SPEAKERS COMMITTEE

Roderick D. MacDougall

SPECIAL PROJECTS COMMITTEE

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HOSPITALITY DIVISION

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HISTORICAL WINDOWS COMMITTEE

Coulton Waugh, Chairman

Members: Mrs. Consuelo Kahr, Mrs. Augustus W. Bennet, Mrs. Edward Powell, John Gould, William Tuttle, Major Kenneth C. Miller, Mrs. Archie Stewart.

MUSIC COMMITTEE

Dominick R. Bucci

SPECIAL DAYS COMMITTEE

George Handler, Chairman

Sunday, July 5—RELIGIOUS DEDICATION DAY.

Frank X. Gallagher, Chairman.

Members: George N. Northrop, Albert S. MacDowell, Daniel Becker.

Monday, July 6—YOUNG AMERICANS DAY.

James Patsolas, Chairman.

Member: Rayburn Hesse.

Tuesday, July 7—LADIES' DAY.

Mr. Gloria DeCrista and Miss Kathleen Shinnars,
Co-Chairmen

Members: Mrs. Seymour Seplow, Mrs. Jeffrey Starin, Mrs.
Francis McDonough, Mrs. William Hanretta, Mrs.
John Riley, Mrs. John Fitzpatrick, Miss Rosena Neely,
Miss Bea Leonard, Miss Ann Cooney.

Wednesday, July 8—ORANGE COUNTY DAY.

James F. Shedden, Chairman.

Thursday, July 9—INTERNATIONAL DAY.

Robert Hinsdale, Chairman.

Members: Hugh Whitehill, John Perrott, II, Thomas
Kavanagh.

Friday, July 10—MERCHANTS AND INDUSTRY DAY.

Benjamin V. Wolf, Chairman.

Members: Everett Robbins, Warren Reese.

Saturday, July 11—AMERICAN HERITAGE DAY.

Joseph P. Monihan and Lt. Col. Joseph A. Barrett,
Co-Chairmen

Members: Maynard Warren, Major Victor C. Pruitt.

Sunday, July 12—REGATTA DAY.

Malone Bannan and Vincent DeBerto, Co-Chairmen.

Members: Thomas Diamond, Steve Ewanish.

THANK YOU

Special thanks to International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Local Union 631 and Hudson Valley District
Council of Carpenters, Local 301 Carpenters' Union, The Columbian Squires.

TO THOSE WHO ARE NOT LISTED IN THIS PROGRAM

Our special thanks to all those who contributed to the overall success of the pageant and all other events. Due to
the great number, it is not possible to list all the wonderful people who aided financially and otherwise in making the Newburgh
50th Anniversary Celebration a success. We regret that due to deadline of printing some names may have been omitted from
this program. . . However, to all those we extend our appreciation.

LINE OF MARCH FOR PARADE JULY 11, 1959

Broadway from Prospect Street to Liberty Street, South to Washington Street,
East to Grand Street, North to Broadway.

FIRST DIVISION

COLOR GUARD

NEWBURGH CITY FLAG

PARADE MARSHAL

Col. Joseph Barrett, Jr. and Joseph P. Monihan,
Co-Chairmen

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY BAND

Commanded by Major William H. Schempf.

Executive Officer Captain Robert M. Berglund.

Approved by Lt. General Garrison H. Davidson, Superintend-
ent of West Point, N. Y.

50 CONVERTIBLES WITH GUESTS

ORTH JUNIOR HIGH BAND

Leader William L. Zahn.

50 CARS DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS

SECOND DIVISION

19th USAF BAND, Stewart Field AFB, N. Y.

Commanded by Mr. Vernon E. Proctor (Warrant Officer).

29th WOMEN'S AIR FORCE SQUADRON, Stewart AFB, N. Y.

Commanded by First Lieutenant Carol M. Edmunds.

19th FIGHTER GROUP, Stewart AFB, N. Y.

COLOR AND HONOR GUARD

Commanded by Captain Raymond J. Hewgeveld.

29th CONSOLIDATED AIRCRAFT MAINTENANCE

SQUADRON, Stewart AFB, N. Y.

Commanded by Captain Emil M. Korbish.

29th MATERIAL SQUADRON, Stewart AFB, N. Y.

Commanded by Second Lieutenant Carl A. Tatina.

19th AIR BASE SQUADRON

Commanded by Lieutenant John R. Crawford.

65 AIR RESERVE SQUADRON HDQ., Newburgh, N. Y. Air
Reserve Center Organized.

AVAL RESERVE SURFACE DIV.-3-29, Newburgh, N. Y.
One Platoon.

THIRD DIVISION

LOCAL 291 AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

Leader Angelo Ciarlanto; Secretary Dominick R. Bucci.

FIRST HOWITZER 170th ARTILLERY, Newburgh, N. Y.

Commanding Officer Major Ambrose Leach.

FOURTH DIVISION

BASEBALL LEAGUES

NEWBURGH FREE ACADEMY BAND

Leader Robert Townsend.

PONY LEAGUE, Newburgh

Executive Director Wesley F. (Bo) Gill.

PONY LEAGUE GRADUATES, Newburgh

Executive Director Wesley F. (Bo) Gill.

PONY LEAGUE, Town of Cornwall

Manager Leo Fanning.

LITTLE LEAGUE, Town of Cornwall

Manager Oscar Johnson.

LITTLE LEAGUE, Newburgh Benevolent Order of Elks #247,

Alfred Becker, President.

LITTLE LEAGUE, Newburgh Knights of Columbus #444,

Hugh Nocton, President.

LITTLE LEAGUE, Town of Newburgh Optimists, Charles G.

Giamette, President.

NEW WINDSOR JR. BAND, Leader Tobert Ortone.

LITTLE LEAGUE, Town of New Windsor.

President Winifred Davidson.

LITTLE LEAGUE OPTIMISTS, City of Newburgh, President

Joseph L. Lasker.

POLICE ATHLETIC LEAGUE. Youth Director Samuel Moore.

JUNIOR AMERICAN LEGION POST #152

Sal Ciaccio, Hugo Ciaccio, Co-Managers.

NEWBURGH RECREATION PARK SOFT BALL

Manager James O'Donovan. Sponsored by Peppy's.

WEST END JUNIOR SPORTSMAN CLUB

Director John Nystrom. Theme Assistant Director Wil-
liam Vandermark.

FLOAT—TWO BOYS FISHING

FLOAT—CONSERVATION PROGRAM

APPROXIMATELY 30 BOYS PARADE

FIFTH DIVISION

BICYCLE BRIGADE

SIXTH DIVISION

CONTINENTALS' FIFE AND DRUM CORPS, Newburgh, N. Y.

Manager Ray Powles. Drum Major Carol Powles.

LOYAL ORDER OF MOORE #969

BOY SCOUT TROOP #8

WOMEN OF THE MOOSE #391

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CONVERTIBLE CARS CARRYING BOWLERS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO—William Blake, William Sanxey, John Dwyer, Thomas Callahan.

SEVENTH DIVISION

CHANDLER DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS, Beacon

MASONIC GROUPS WITH KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

George R. Mitchell, Secretary

HIGHLAND CHAPTER #52

HOLY NAME SOCIETIES—Sacred Heart, St. Francis, St. Patrick, St. Mary's. Don Welsh, Chairman.

EIGHTH DIVISION

BELLES

BROTHERS OF THE BRUSH

MISS PASSENGER

MISCELLANEOUS UNITS

NINTH DIVISION

ANTIQUE CARS

TENTH DIVISION

FLOATS

ELEVENTH DIVISION

FIRE COMPANIES

TWELFTH DIVISION

NEWBURGH CITY EQUIPMENT

POST OFFICE EQUIPMENT

RED CROSS WAGON—If Women Walk Will Move Up.
Review Stand Substitute Guest Cars.

Thirty-five Guest Cars will form in Savings Bank Parking Lot.

Twelve hundred Baseball Players and Bicycle Riders park against curb on West side of Grand Street, South of South Street down to Third Street if needed.

These groups will fall in after the last Division passes which will probably be the City Equipment.

Approximately 70 guests including Mayors of surrounding communities, Presidents of Service Clubs and Junior and Regular Chambers of Commerce will be the guests of Newburgh Area Men in the Parade and for dinner at the Hotel Newburgh.

PARADE MARSHALS

Colonel Joseph A. Barrett, Jr. and Joseph P. Monihan

ASSISTANT PARADE MARSHALS (Mounted)

Michael A. Armstrong, Adam Barr, Miss Mary Jane Barr, William Bowe, Colonel Robert M. Clark, Miss Diel, Mrs. John Diel, Dr. Michael Donahue, Richard M. Goodrich, Edward A. Hughes, Gene Leone, Dr. Richard E. Passenger, Dave

J. Perrott, Jerry Shapiro, Larry Shapiro, Robert Sylvester, Ponies, Leo Fanning, Wesley F. (Bo) Gill.

ASSISTANT PARADE CHAIRMEN

Floats, Maynard Warren; Horses, Jerome Shapiro; Antique Cars, Inghom Stubley; Military, Major Victor C. Pruitt; Dinner, John Esterbrook; Fire Departments, Peter Fattano, Fire Chief, Stewart AFB; 35 Guest Cars, Dave Tower.

FLOAT SPONSORS, THEME AND REPRESENTATIVE

Newburgh Chamber of Commerce—NEWBURGH QUEEN.
President Hymon Knopf.

Historical Society—PALATINE EARLY SETTLERS, FURNITURE AND FAMILY GROUP. President Miss Mary Rogers.

Town of Newburgh—DANSKAMMER — DEVIL'S DANCE CHAMBER. Mr. Oliver Cosman and Mrs. Robert DeLong, Co-Chairmen.

Eastern Orange County Ski Club—SLEIGH WITH SKIERS AND SNOW FLAKE DESIGN. William McCalley, President; Oliver Shipp, Representative.

A & P—A & P DELIVERY WAGON OF THE LATE 19th CENTURY.

Temple Hill Association—THE TEMPLE. General Chairman Mrs. John McLean; Constructive Chairman Donald Gordon.

Junior Chamber of Commerce—HALF MOON. President Peter Patsalos.

Junior Chamber of Commerce—JUNIOR QUEEN. President Peter Patsalos.

Women of the Moose—OLD FASHIONED HAY RIDE. Mrs. Hortense Profiro, Chairman.

Loyal Order of Moose—Joseph Mussari, Governor.

Delano-Hitch—SPEED SKATING. Mrs. William Stewart, Chairman.

Mid-Hudson Valley Hair Dressers & Cosmetologists Unit #54. James F. Shedden, Representative.

Newburgh Park Department. Walter Haible.

Recreation Park. Douglas Miller, Superintendent.

Greek Orthodox Church. John Yanakis, Representative.

Newburgh Bowling Association—RIP VAN WINKLE AND THE LITTLE MEN OF THE MOUNTAINS. Robert Hughes, Sec'y.

Central Labor Union—Mrs. Palmer.

Mohawk Archery Club, Milton. Al Howe, President.

Montgomery Queen.

Montgomery Legion Post #521—ARMED FORCES 1812 TO 1951. Ralph Stenrud, Chairman.

International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers #631.

Newburgh Branch American Association of University Women HORSE AND BUGGY. Mrs. Oliver Shipp, Chairman.

Newburgh Bowl-O-Matic—LARGE BOWLING PIN. Joseph Farino, Manager.

Civil Service Employees Association, Newburgh Unit.

West End Junior Sportsman Club—1st Float—ROW BOAT, BOYS FISHING; 2nd Float CONSERVATION. Director John Nystrom, Jr., Assistant Director William Vandermark.

United States Post Office, Newburgh—OLD FORD TRUCK, MODERN TRUCKS AND PUSH CARTS, Postmaster Philip Levy.

City of Newburgh—STREET AND FIRE DEPARTMENT EQUIPMENT. City Manager Albert Abrams.

COMPLIMENTS OF

A FRIEND



THE NEWBURGH FERRY

By *PAULINE RAMSDELL ODELL

The Newburgh Ferry is said to be one of the oldest ferries in the United States. It has an operating record of over 200 years, having a franchise dated 1743. In the Newburgh News of September 5, 1935, an item states that the ferry is the oldest organization in the city.

The Hudson River is famed among the rivers of the world for its great beauty, its legend and story, but most of all for its significance in our history in which the ferry played its part. The Newburgh Ferry was described by Franklin Delano Roosevelt as "one of the most historically colorful ferries in America".

Before the American Revolution, many of the early explorers returned to England with tales of the beauty of this region and its possible resources and riches. During this period, many people in the old world were driven from country to country seeking religious freedom. Their suffering aroused the sympathy of Queen Anne of England who was aware of the possibility of this territory on the Hudson as an asylum for these unhappy people. Queen Anne arranged for and financed a group from Germany, called the Palatines, to come, in 1709, to this country and to settle on the Hudson near a creek known as Quassaick, the name being taken from a tribe of Indians living there. This settlement was called "The Palatine Parish by Quassaick". The grant consisted of 2,190 acres, and extended 219 chains

in a straight line up the Hudson, with the right to the land under the water, which made it possible, in 1743, to obtain a charter to operate the ferry.

A few of the Palatines remained here, but many of them wandered to other settlements, and a new group came to live in the "Precinct of the Highlands". This new group was mostly of Scotch-Irish ancestry. The Palatines sold them their titles to the land, and the new group petitioned Governor Clinton to renew the patent given by Queen Anne to the Palatines, and, at the same time, petitioned for a Glebe. Alexander Colden was one of the first English trustees of the Glebe.

The settlements were growing. The one on the east side of the river grew even faster than the one on the west bank, owing, it is thought, to the fact that the Indians on the Fishkill side were more friendly.

Alexander Colden was conspicuous in his efforts to induce settlers to come to this area. He saw the need of "an easier means" for the people to cross the river and to communicate with each other. In 1743, Colden applied for and obtained a charter for a ferry between Newburgh and Fishkill. We are told that "the ferry enterprise was conducted with considerable system".

The road to the ferry on the Newburgh side ran from Mr. Jonathan Hasbrouck's grist mill on Quassaick Creek across his farm and the Colden Plot to the corner of Colden Street, or Wagon Street as it was first called. Then the road circled the hill to the river where there was a dock at the foot of First Street. During the Revolution, some changes were made. Colden Street was

extended to Third Street, and the ferry was docked at the foot of Third Street.

When the British fleet sailed down the Hudson after the burning of Kingston, the women and children hid. A few men who had not gone to help defend the forts of the Highlands stood in groups on the shore and exchanged shots with the men on the British ships. General James Clinton wrote the following in a letter to his brother, General George Clinton, on receiving news of the loss of Kingston:

"Little Britain, October 18th 1777

Dr Brother,

Yours of yesterday's Date I have Just Received. I am Sorry for the Loss of Kingston &c.

Five of the Enemy's Shipping Returned Down the River Last night without Doing any Damage Except firing Some Cannon and small arms at our men and wounding one of ours on Board of a Ferry Boat."

In 1782, the ferry was taken over by the Quartermaster of the Army, and the Continental Ferry was moved to New Windsor.

Since the Colden charter, as well as similar grants, were regarded as void in consequence of the Revolution, a new ferry was established to run between the Newburgh and Fishkill landings. We are told that "a good scow was used at this time for the convenience of transporting loaded wagons". The following prices of ferriage were established:

For a footman	-	-	-	-	one shilling
Man and horse	-	-	-	-	two shillings
Two horse wagon	-	-	-	-	ten shillings
Loaded two horse wagon	-	-	-	-	twelve shillings
Riding chair	-	-	-	-	six shillings
Four horse wagon	-	-	-	-	fourteen shillings
Loaded four horse wagon	-	-	-	-	one pound
Phaeton and pair	-	-	-	-	twelve shillings
Ton of iron	-	-	-	-	eight shillings
Hogshead of Rum	-	-	-	-	five shillings

The ferry was closely allied in colonial times with George Washington who had his headquarters in Newburgh. Many other men of this period crossed and recrossed the river as the east side played its important role in the war. Trinity Church in Fishkill was used as a hospital, and the First Reformed Dutch Church was used as a prison, around which Cooper laid some of the scenes of "The Spy".

The ferry of the Hudson Highlands has stood as a symbol of the nation's progress. The first ferrymen were the Indians who took the white man across the river in their canoes. But the Indians saw no point or profit in ferrying their white cargoes, and the white man built his own boat. The first ones were flat-bottomed row boats made from hollowed tree trunks split in half lengthwise and enlarged by inserting planks at the bottom and sides. They were called pirogues and were the boats used by the early settlers.

Rivers played an incalculable part in the development and settlement of the country, not only serving as highways for great distances but as a means of communication and for purposes of trade to people on opposite shores. This is forcibly shown in Eager's "Orange County", where one can see in his interesting story of the famous Sarah Wells how dependent the people were on the river, even those living miles from its shores.

In the early 1700's, Sarah Wells lived near what is now known as Goshen. There were few paths through

the wilderness, and so, in order to have her grain ground to meal, it was easier for Sarah Wells to follow the trail to the river, and at New Windsor take a boat and row to Madam Brett's grist mill at the mouth of the Fishkill Creek. Sarah would then row back to New Windsor, load the flour on her horses and walk the twenty miles back to her home.

After the pirogues, came the perlangers. These were two-masted vessels without bowsprit or head sail. The perlangers were followed by boats propelled by horse power, and they, in turn, by the steam driven boats of the present time.

In 1816, the first horse boat, the "Moses Rogers", was launched. The "Caravan" was the first boat propelled by a wheel in the center. The "Caravan" was run in connection with the sail boat "Mentor", and the horse boat, "The Duchess". "The Duchess" was later converted to steam and renamed "The Jack Downing". In 1828, the "Post Boy", later called the "Phoenix", was put in operation. Then, the "Gold Hunter", "Fulton", "Williamsburg", and the "Union" followed. Later came the "City of Newburgh" and the "Fishkill-on-Hudson"; the "Dutchess" in 1912, and the "Orange" in 1914, followed by the "Thomas Powell" and the "Beacon".

The ferry "Post Boy" was involved in an interesting incident characteristic of the time. There was intense rivalry between the river boats of that period in competing for records of speed between cities. The races were watched by the people along the shores of the river and when the boats were due in Newburgh, hundreds would assemble at the water front, standing on the wharfs or crowded on the ferries, each person seeking a good site to watch his favorite come in.

In the Gazette of August 7, 1830, a thrilling article tells of a race between the "Ohio" and the "DeWitt Clinton", and the injury to the "Post Boy" as a result of the race. As the "Ohio" and "DeWitt Clinton" put on steam to try to reach the wharf first, the "Ohio" came in violent contact with the "DeWitt Clinton", "carrying away from the "DeWitt Clinton" the image of the venerable statesman whose name she bore. This so altered the course of the "Ohio" that she came not to the wharf as intended but upon it." Fortunately no casualties were reported but the ferry "Post Boy" that lay at the wharf suffered some injury.

The "Union" burned in 1878. It had been taken off the run for some slight repairs and was moored at the wharf. Fire broke out about 12 o'clock, and flames spread rapidly. Captain Fields on the tugboat "Hoole" was one of the first to see the fire. All fire companies responded. In less than five minutes after the first company arrived, the smoke stack fell. The pilot houses soon tumbled to the main deck. At 2:30, while a hundred men were on board desperately fighting the raging flames, the "Union" settled and plunged the men waist deep into the water.

In the issue of the Newburgh Journal of October 1st, 1878 that describes the burning of the "Union", a note is printed. The note expresses thanks and appreciation to all who helped and to the members of the fire companies who worked so unceasingly to save the property. It is signed "Homer Ramsdell".

On July 29, 1802, the Colden Charter was confirmed by Governor Clinton, by virtue of which the ferry operates today. This 1802 charter is still in existence. When the Colden Charter was recognized, the new ferry was merged with the New Windsor-Fishkill Ferry. From this time on, the ferry changed hands many times.

The Colden Charter was sold by his heirs in 1802 to Leonard Carpenter. In 1804, Leonard Carpenter sold

one half to Jacob Carpenter. Martin Wiltsie and son and Peter Bogardus had owned shares in the New Windsor ferry, and when the ferries combined, they became joint owners of the Newburgh Ferry. In October 1825, the Bogardus heirs sold their interest to Benjamin Thorne, and the next month, Thorne sold his share to J. P. DeWint. Mr. DeWint bought and sold his interest in the ferry several times.

The widow of Leonard Carpenter sold her interest to Alexander Carpenter, and on the same day he sold it to Isaac Carpenter. On the 26th of March, 1833, Isaac Carpenter purchased the entire rights of Mr. DeWint and became sole owner of the ferry. It is difficult to understand why the ferry was sold back and forth so many times to the same people. On May 1, 1835, Mr. Carpenter sold it back to Mr. DeWint who paid \$52,000 for

it. Just 29 days later, Mr. DeWint sold the ferry to Thomas Powell for \$80,000, making a profit of \$28,000 in 29 days.

Mr. Powell remained sole owner until 1850, when, by deed of gift, he gave the ferry to his daughter, Mrs. Homer Ramsdell. For over a hundred years, the ferry remained in the possession of the Ramsdell family.

In 1956, the State of New York purchased the Newburgh-Beacon ferry from Homer Ramsdell and his sister, Mrs. Herbert R. Odell, and the state will operate it until the bridge is built. The ferry is as necessary today for the people to cross the Hudson as it was when Alexander Colden obtained a charter in the 17th year of the reign of King George II, on the 25th day of June in the year 1743.

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NEWBURGH, NEW YORK



Washington's Headquarters. . .

Washington's Headquarters and Museum . . .

by Laura M. Sayer

The old field stone house known as Washington's Headquarters is also referred to as the Hasbrouck House since it was built by Jonathan Hasbrouck and lived in by his descendants for a hundred years. The house was begun in 1750, when Jonathan Hasbrouck built the northeast section; the date of the southeast portion is unknown, but in 1770, he built the western addition. Jonathan Hasbrouck was a prosperous farmer, a colonel in the militia, a merchant who sold salt and flour and feed, and the owner of a mill which stood on Quassaick Creek, at the western edge of his farm. He is said also to have been a land surveyor, often being called upon by a neighbor to survey his land. In 1782, when a house in this area was required for General Washington's headquarters, Mrs. Hasbrouck was a widow, Colonel Hasbrouck having died in 1780. Mrs. Hasbrouck gave her house for the General's use and she went back to New Paltz, her girlhood home. Although it was customary to pay for the use of buildings necessary for the Commander-in-Chief, there is no record of any payment to Mrs. Hasbrouck.

"His Excellency, General Washington and his Lady arrived last Monday (April 1) at Headquarters, New-

burgh in good health," said Samuel Loudon in his *New York Packet* of April 4, 1782. Yorktown had been won in October 1781, but peace had not yet been declared between England and America. British soldiers occupied New York City, and there was danger that fighting might break out again. General Washington wished to be where he could control the situation if that should happen. The Hasbrouck house offered special advantages of location. It commanded a splendid view of the river and of the mountain where the beacon or watch fires were lighted to tell of any activity on the part of the enemy and to communicate with West Point; it was directly opposite Fishkill Landing and thus near the village of Fishkill which was a storehouse for the Revolutionary army.

George Washington occupied the house for seventeen months, the longest time he spent in any one headquarters. With him, besides Mrs. Washington, were two aides, a housekeeper, and servants. Here, in May 1782, he refused the offer of a crown. This offer was contained in a letter written by Colonel Lewis Nicola, head of the Invalid Corps, who wrote from Fishkill. Colonel Nicola, after discussing the discontent of the officers and men because of the scarcity of supplies and lack of pay, con-

cluded that a republic might be incapable of stability and of strength and therefore, "I believe strong arguments might be produced for admitting the title of 'King'."

General Washington, much disturbed by such a proposal, wrote in his own hand an indignant reply. "No occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations, than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army. . . I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. . . Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate as from yourself or anyone else, a sentiment of the like nature."

In the General Orders of the Day of August 7, 1782, General Washington created the Order of the Purple Heart. It is believed that a Board of Examiners met at the Public Building or Temple at Temple Hill to recommend soldiers worthy of this Order, our oldest military award for valor, comparable to today's Congressional Medal of Honor. General Washington directed that the soldiers recommended come to Headquarters to receive the award.

Unrest among the soldiers continued to grow. They were anxious to return to their farms and families. Congress was ineffectual and had not been able to raise the money to pay the men. If they were paid, it was in paper money which was "not worth a Continental." Almost a year after Colonel Lewis Nicola's unwelcome suggestion, in March 1783, letters were circulated among the officers and men, inciting them to active redress for all that was due them and urging them to "suspect the man who will advise to more moderation and longer forbearance." The letters called for a meeting to take action on their claims. In his home at Hasbrouck house, General Washington

wrote an address which he delivered on March 15, 1783 at the Temple. It was a momentous address in which he spoke so eloquently, setting forth his sincere faith in the republic and in the tenets for which they had been fighting, that his listeners were ashamed of the course they had been about to follow. Thus, an incipient mutiny which might have destroyed eight long years of sacrifice, bloodshed, untold suffering and hardship was quelled by the sagacity and sincerity of the Commander-in-Chief. He continued to work quietly to secure the rights and justice due his army, and his persistence eventually succeeded.

In June 1783 from this headquart-

ers also went forth a circular letter to the Governors of all the States, expressing the General's gratitude for their support in the war and stating his belief in four principles necessary for the growth of the nation: "1) An indissoluble union of the States under one federal head; 2) A sacred regard to public justice; 3) The adoption of a proper peace settlement; 4) A pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to the general prosperity; and, in some instance, to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interests of the community."

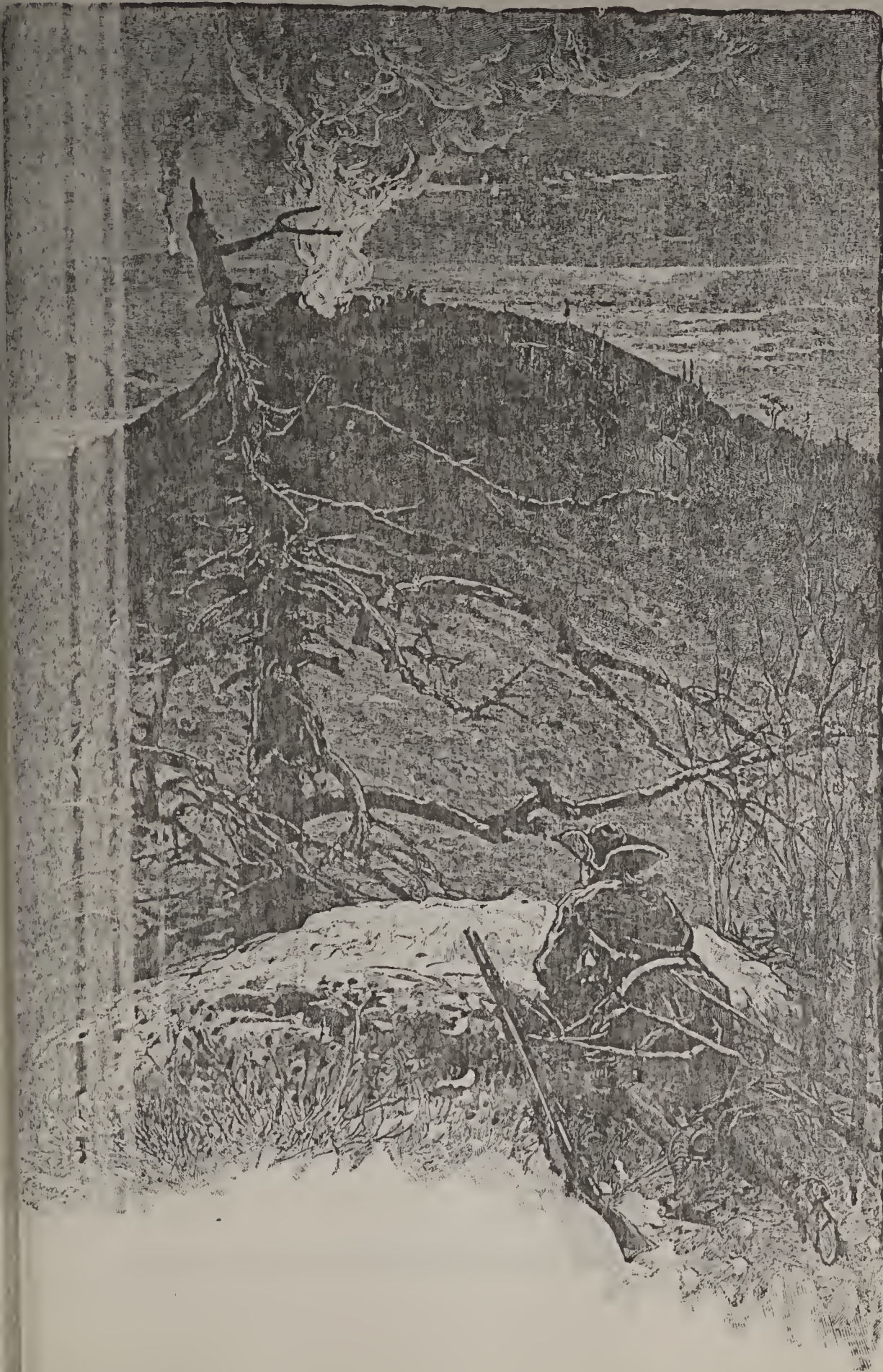
In August 1783, General and Mrs. Washington left for Mount Vernon by way of Annapolis where General Washington appeared before Congress on December 23, 1783 and publicly resigned his commission. "Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which however was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the union, and the patronage of heaven."

In 1850, the State of New York acquired ownership of the property formerly the Hasbroucks', and the house became the first historic house museum, publicly owned, in the United States. The house is furnished with 18th century articles appropriate to a Dutch farmhouse of that time in the Hudson valley. Some furnishings have come down from the Hasbrouck family, and many have an interesting history. One comb-back Windsor chair was in the house at the time of the General's occupancy.

In 1910, a museum was built to house the treasured manuscripts, pictures, military arms, and personal possessions of the Washingtons, the Clintons, and the Hasbroucks. There are links of the great chain which obstructed the Hudson to prevent the passage up the river of British vessels.

The site, like Knox's Headquarters and Temple Hill Monument, is maintained by the State of New York, State Education Department, Division of Archives and History, assisted by a Board of ten Trustees appointed by the Governor of New York.

Signal Fires on the Fishkill Mountains in Revolution. . .



THE SIEGFRIED PRESS

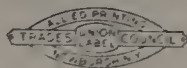
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RIVER ROAD

490 BROADWAY

THE PEACE CELEBRATION AT TEMPLE HILL IN 1783 . . .

*Read Before the Newburgh Historical
Society April 19, 1894.*

By MARY SCOTT BOYD

God of the free, our nation bless

In its strong manhood, as its birth,
And make its life a star of hope

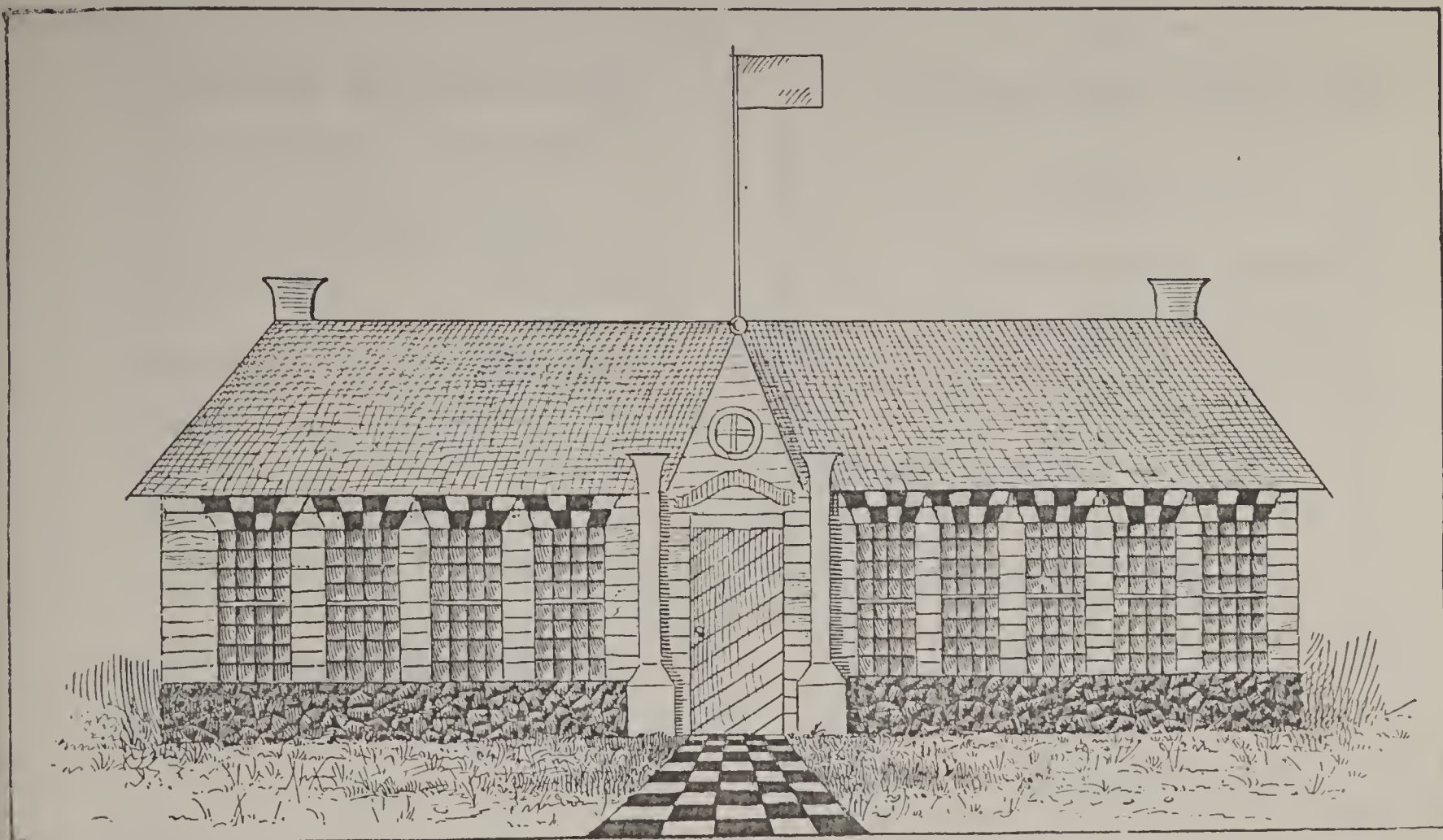
For all the struggling of the earth.

Freedom is ours today, because men lived who loved their country better than their lives. There is nothing under the wide arch of Heaven more inspiring than the associations which patriotic deeds have hallowed. This noble river, these hills and valleys, every inch of ground within miles of us, have their registry of the historical past; and it is an American's duty and privilege as long as time shall last, to celebrate and "keep fresh with reverent honors" the events which are "inscribed on the national book of remembrance."

American liberty was fortunate in having such brave and earnest advocates as formed the rank and file of its army, and that army was for-

tunate in having so true, no noble a leader as Washington. There have been Generals as brave; there have been Generals as patient. Noble qualities of heart and life found expression in many other soldiers in command; but God raises certain men to high places. There are those who are specially fitted for just the positions in which they are placed, and of none more truly can this be said than of the Commander-in-Chief of the American army. Clear judgment, discipline firm but gentle, unselfish devotion to a seemingly desperate cause, patient endurance under privation, a willingness to forget self-aggrandizement and put his country, and his country's good as the aim of all endeavor, made Washington the hero of the American Revolution—the real "Father of his Country." What could better express our feelings than this graceful tribute of Winthrop's: "As long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues anywhere plead for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory,

and those tongues prolong the fame of George Washington." Secure in our independence, with freedom of speech, of press, and, above all, of religious liberty, as our heritage, we cannot even with our most vivid imagination to aid, put ourselves in place of our ancestors of Revolutionary days, who fought for our emancipation. Noble men and women were living then, who endured privation, made sacrifices of comforts, of property, which, even with corresponding zeal today, could not, from the advance of civilization, be paralled. Down through the years, from the setting of the sun over Lexington's bloody field, to the rising of the sun over yonder mountain on the 19th of April, 1783, a nation's history had been written in tears and blood. Men had fought the good fight and fallen. Many hopes had been shattered, as brave lives went out—sickness and privations working as deadly a power as the British bullets. Homes had been pillaged and burned on the altar of Freedom. Money, the mighty lever which moves thrones, was

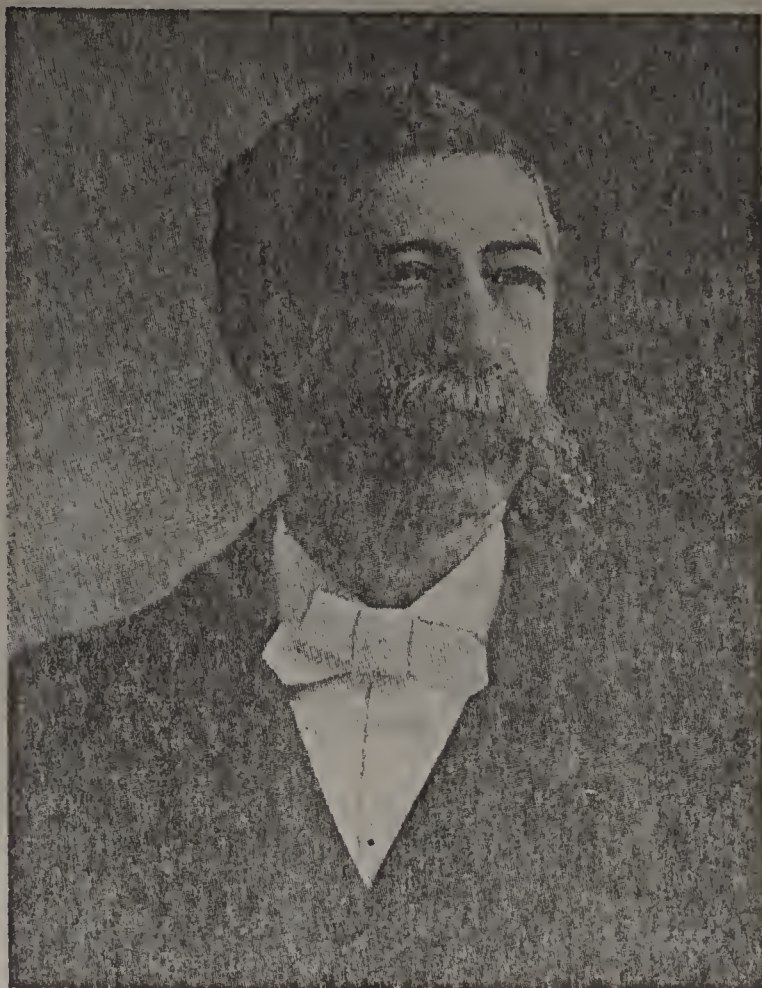


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scarce, and private fortunes had been given and lost for the cause. History repeats itself, it is said, and is made out of just such records—year in and year out. It may be so—and yet—for those of us, who are here today, no other period of eight years, holds so much of real, true heroism in a cause of right. We, who represent Quassaick Chapter, feel a personal share in the struggle, which began at Lexington, where some of our heroes fought and fell; and ended, after eight weary years, within the shadows of these hills, all offerings forgotten, nought but joy and patriotism in every heart. This day is the anniversary of the “celebration at the Temple,” as well as of the battle of Lexington. Have we not room in our hearts for a glorious burst of patriotism, as we stand with those who stood on Temple Hill, one hundred and eleven years ago! whenannon boomed and loud huzzas echoed from hill to hill? War had ended, the Declaration of Independence was encircled by the olive branches of peace.

Is it strange that men, women and children rejoiced, as no people have ever rejoiced before, or since? Time has wrought changes during these years which have passed. This city of today was not here. Washington’s headquarters and a few other buildings marked the little village of Newburgh. Three miles south, in New Windsor, was the “City,” which had no double—formed of the log-houses, which were the homes of eight thousand men, the army of the American Revolution.

They were in their last encampment, on the Silver Stream below Snake Hill, at Temple Hill, as we now call this place of cantonment—in honor of the “Public Building,” or “Temple,” where Sunday services were held, military orders given, all public functions celebrated. Looking forth from this historic ground, over slopes of field and wood, one is conscious of an exultation of feeling—a sense of pride and loving admiration, tempered by reverence. The same hills are near us, the same river flows onward to the sea, and the same beauty appeals to eye and heart today, as on the 19th of April in 1783. Days of uncertainty had preceded this glorious one. The famous anonymous letter appealing to the passions and weakness of the army, had been circulated throughout the camp. The patriot army had endured much in the past; the future, without money or means of support, seemed dark and drear. Then it was that

Washington, full of a wisdom and prudence which had helped him in the years that had passed, faced the greatest of all dangers—an insubordinate army. We can see him as he stood before those men, who had been his comrades—who had unflinchingly met the charge of the enemy’s cannon, and whose bravery, none could doubt; but who now, in the monotony of camp life, and suffering from the privations which Congress had been unable to alleviate, were restless and swerving in their allegiance to their country. As he drew out his “address” and adjusted his spectacles, he said: “These eyes, my friends, have grown dim, and these locks white in the service, yet I have never doubted the justice of my country.” The effect of this simple, pathetic remark was magical; it appealed to the hearts of all, changing the current of their restless thought. Breathlessly they pressed forward to listen to his speech, which closed with those memorable words of appeal: “Let me conjure you in the name of our common country, as you value your own sacred honor, as you respect the rights of humanity, as you regard the military and national character of America, to express your utmost horror and detestation of the man who wishes, under specious pretences, to overturn the liberties of our country, and who wickedly attempts to open the flood gates of civil discord and deluge our rising empire in blood. By thus determining, and thus acting, you will pursue the plain and direct road to the attainment of your wishes; you will defeat the insidious designs of our enemies, who are compelled to resort from open force to secret artifice. You will give one more distinguished proof of unexampled patriotism and patient virtue, rising superior to the pressure of the most complicated sufferings. And you will, by the dignity of your conduct, afford occasion for posterity to say, when speaking of the glorious example you have exhibited to mankind, ‘Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining.’ ” A hearty response of acquiescence followed. These men had won a victory over themselves greater than that gained over their enemies—the honor of the army was supreme. Then dawned this day whose anniversary we celebrate. In all the years of Washington’s prominence it was the one occasion when he issued orders for a general public observance. The celebration was

unique in every way, in obedience to the following:

“The Commander-in-Chief orders the cessation of hostilities between the United States of America and the King of Great Britain, to be publicly proclaimed tomorrow, at twelve o’clock, at the New Building; and that the proclamation which will be communicated herewith, be read tomorrow evening at the head of every regiment and corps of the army, after which the Chaplains with the several brigades, will render thanks to Almighty God for all His mercies, particularly for his overruling the wrath of man to his own glory and causing the rage of war to cease among the nations.”

In the reaction from their past desperate state of uncertainty, wild joy and enthusiasm was rife in the camp and in the country around. Preparations were put under way for such a rejoicing as their anxious hearts had never dared to hope. I fancy that if the men refurbished their worn uniforms, and burnished their weapons, ere “sheathing in calm repose the vengeful blade,” that the women were busy also. The long-idle silks, satins and filmy muslins were freshened, for personal adornment was dear to a woman’s heart even then. Feasting was in order, too. Think of the baking, the brewing, the roasting necessary; how the great ovens were filled and refilled with the loaves of bread and cake. The children were at work gathering boughs and branches for the bon-fires. On every point of vantage ground—from the Beacons and Butter Hill to the highlands nearer by—the huge piles of wood awaited the torch. Long had these fires been harbingers of war, now the smoke ascending heavenward would breathe peace for this land. Never had skies seemed fairer; the joy in the prospect of permanent peace, and a return of prosperity, was beyond words, and found expression in every form of display. At twelve o’clock from the front of the “New Building” the proclamation was read. It was met by ringing cheers, while tears of joy coursed from the cheeks of many a brave soldier. Then Chaplain Gano stepped forward, and every knee bowed as he offered unto High Heaven the prayer of thanksgiving; and the God who had guided His people up to that hour of rejoicing, which has no parallel, has watched over their children’s children until this day. We shall listen this afternoon to the same anthem—the same glorious song of freedom which had long been the

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inspiration of that brave army; in loud exultant tones rang out the words, "No King but God!" Most imposing military and civil ceremonies followed. The thirteen guns from West Point were answered by booming cannon, every rock and hill echoed and re-echoed the sounds; all day and night the festivities continued. "Grave and reverend seigniors" were betrayed into unusual jollity, dull care was forgotten, and laughter took the place of sighing. Flute, viola and spinnet made music for the dancers, who passed from the stately minuet to the jolly reel and horn-pipe. If they kept up the ball with extra fervor and potent libations, all through the night, who could wonder?

While out of doors bon-fires blazed and artillery flashed until morning reddened the eastern sky. Only brief accounts of these events have been recorded; how gladly would we know more, but this one thing we do know, there was a community of interests, a universal brotherhood, banding together those people who had gathered from far and near, and who, all day long had been surging over roads and paths, through fields and woods to the Cantonment. And who all were there? Who made up that vast merry-making throng? It is the officers of the army, it is the great men of any time, place or event, whose names are found on the pages of history—

but the unnamed soldiers, the men and women unknown to fame, are the potent factors after all, the power behind the throne and those are they whom we are called today to remember, as if in verification of that prophetic declaration of Washington: "Happy, thrice happy shall they be pronounced hereafter, who have contributed anything; who have performed the meanest office in erecting this, stupendous fabric of freedom and empire on the broad basis of independency; who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions."

And so we shall pass by him who uttered these glorious words, by the Generals who had supported him and made his success possible—and ask: Where are the great, great-grandfathers and grandmothers of many of those here today, it not holding high revel at the "Temple"? The Hasbroucks, the Belknaps, the Brewsters, the Williams, the Dubois', the Clintons, the Logans, the Sands, the Sacketts, the Beatties, the Gardners, the Jansens, the Burnetts, the DeWitts, the Brinks, the De Groves, Peltons, Adams, Coldens, Nicholls, Dennistons and many, many more were there. "Beautiful Elizabeth Belknap" and Maria Colden, "the local belles"—with Gitty Wynkoop and Sallie Jansen, from Kingston, in their gayest gowns, were early among the dancers,

vieing with maids and matrons, as fair, if not so well known. But while the sound of music and rejoicing was heard among these hills, in every town and village of the thirteen States there were men and women whose hearts were beating responsively, and who, with thanksgiving and earnest prayers were looking toward the untried but promising future. Imagination comes to help us—precious names, of those who lived in that troublous age, whose lives formed the foundation of our social fabric of today, flood our thoughts. It would be well in the tremendous rush of a busy world, in this age of money-getting, of pressure and struggle for selfish ends, to turn over more frequently than we do the pages of history, and learn from a too little appreciated past, the lessons it teaches. Let us with zeal of heart and a true love of country, treasure every relic, every memorable locality, every association which will bring to our minds the virtues and supreme patriotism of our ancestors, who, on that day so long ago, began a new life; began to work out the problems of Government which that word "Peace," in its fullest meaning, made possible; and if some questions of political importance are still unsolved, that Government which is "by the people, of the people and for the people," is ours because of the deeds of those men and women. In all the varied vicissitudes through which, as a nation, we have been called to pass, we have felt their influence, and gratefully remember them as we stand today under this

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Borne through their battlefields'
thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in
story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit
their fame!

Lord of the universe! shield us and
guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through
shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall
divide us?
Keep us, oh keep us, the Many in
One!

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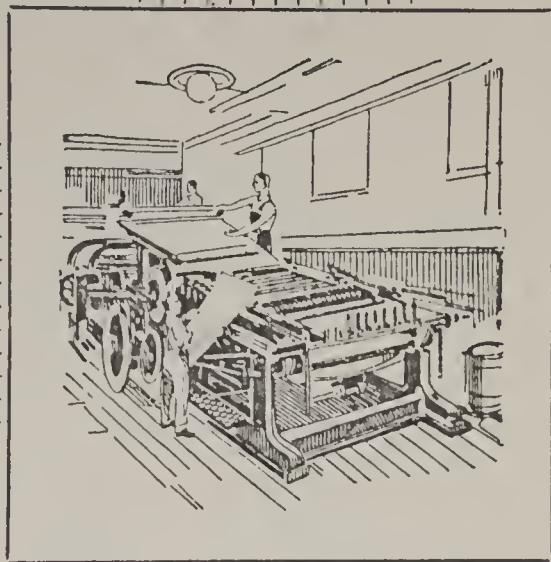
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